

GENERAL INFORMATION

THE NATIONAL AND ENGLISH REVIEW

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No. 868

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CAN THERE BE A BI-PARTISAN COLONIAL
POLICY?

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CONSERVATIVE COMMENT BY **VISCOUNT CHANDOS**
SOCIALIST COMMENT BY **LORD OGMORE**
WEEKLIES AND THE ELECTION **RICHARD BAILEY**
FIFTY YEARS OF NORWEGIAN INDEPENDENCE
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AND OTHER CONTRIBUTIONS BY DENYS SMITH, J. VIRAG,
ERIC GILLETT, VERA BRITTAIRN, L. T. C. ROLT, RUBY
MILLAR, THE EARL OF CARDIGAN, LOMBARDO, AND
ALEC ROBERTSON

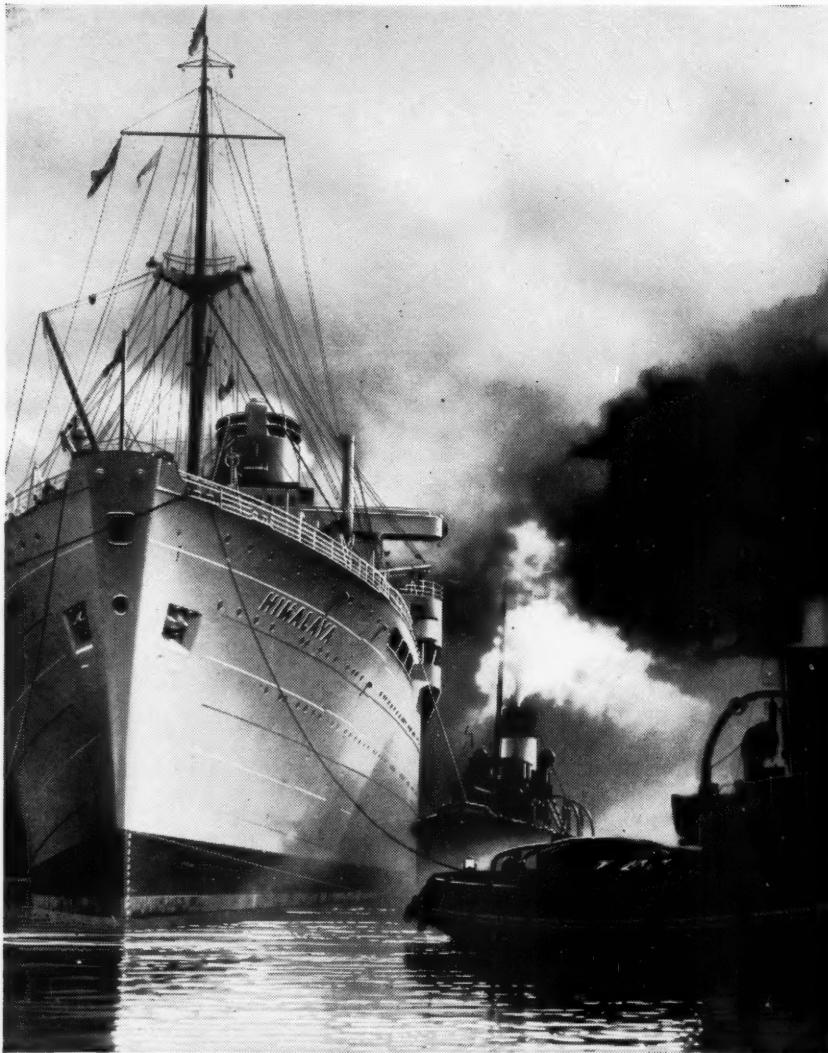
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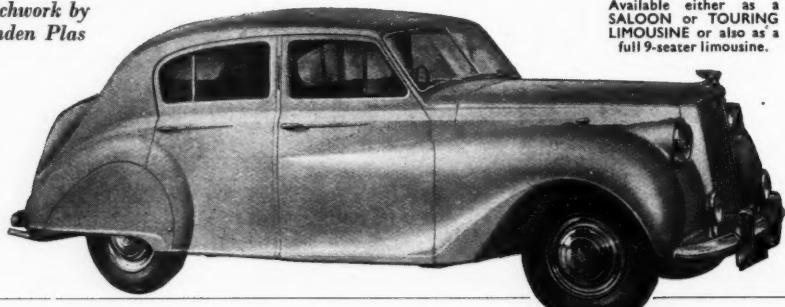
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LORD OGMORE, P.C., T.D.: Practised as a lawyer in the Straits Settlements, 1930-4. M.P. (Soc.) for Croydon South, 1945-50. Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies, 1947-50; for Commonwealth Relations, 1950-1. Minister of Civil Aviation, 1951.

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EARL OF CARDIGAN: Served R.A.S.C., 1939-45. Well-known motoring correspondent. Author of *Amateur Pilot*, *I Walked Alone*, *The Life and Loyalties of Thomas Bruce, Warden of Savernake Forest*.

ALEC ROBERTSON: Writer, critic and broadcaster. Author of books on Dvorák, Sacred Music, Plainchant, etc.

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EPISODES OF THE MONTH

ON May 26 Great Britain went to the polls and returned the Conservative Party to power with a majority of fifty-nine over all parties in the new House of Commons. Thus for the first time in nearly a hundred years a Government in this country has improved its position at a General Election.

Three days later Sir Anthony Eden and his colleagues, and the nation as a whole, were confronted with a grave emergency. The A.S.L.E.F., or footplate-men's union, came out on strike and so brought nearly all traffic on the railways to a standstill. To make matters worse, a serious dock strike was already in progress.

In foreign affairs, the Election was preceded by notable events. Austria regained its independence, and the Americans agreed that a meeting of Heads of Government—President Eisenhower and the British, French and Russian Prime Ministers—should be held in the near future. The Soviet Government raised hopes that such a meeting might be fruitful, by appearing to modify its attitude towards the problem of all-round disarmament.

Majority of Seats—and Votes

THE Conservative victory in 1951 was unsatisfactory on two counts. It gave the Party a majority in the House of Commons which was altogether too narrow for comfort, and in the aggregate of votes cast the Socialists actually polled more than the Conservatives. Of course the latter point had no strict constitutional relevance, but it gave the Opposition a certain moral advantage. Moreover, in the recent campaign Mr. Aneurin Bevan was evidently hoping that a similar situation would result from this Election ; and he even went so far as to hint that the revision of boundaries was a swindle by the Tories, designed to give them a stronger majority in the House of Commons, while Labour still had a majority in the country.

But this time the electorate gave an emphatic decision. The majority

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of seats was increased to the dimensions of a working majority, and the Conservatives' total vote was greater by nearly a million than that of the Socialists. Morally, as well as constitutionally, the Government's mandate is sure.

Socialism on the Way Out

ON the positive side, the Election result was a vote of confidence in the Government; on the negative side, it was a vote of censure on the Opposition. The Labour Party went into the contest with its internal crisis unresolved; its policy statement, *Forward with Labour*, was a blatant attempt to reconcile "Keep Left" doctrines with the cautious realism of the T.U.C. None but the faithful can have been impressed by this conjuring trick, and many of them were disheartened by it. Hence the large number of Labour abstentions and Labour's failure, as Mr. Herbert Morrison said, to win "the battle of the marginal seats."

Unless the mood of the country changes very drastically, it is now fairly obvious that Socialism in the proper sense will never commend itself to a majority of the British people. The case against nationalization no longer has to be argued; the very word has become a stock joke, like Wigan pier, and the reaction to bureaucratic controls is almost equally uncompromising. In 1951 the Socialists made a point of assuring the electorate that rationing would be maintained, but in this Election they were at desperate pains to promise that on no account would it be reintroduced—although their food price policy, if it meant anything, must have implied a return to food rationing. There can be no doubt that public opinion has turned decisively against State ownership and State control.

Class Feeling on the Wane

EVEN more encouraging was the absence, in this election, of the bitterness and mistrust which were still very manifest in 1951. In spite of Mr. Bevan, the *Daily Mirror*, and other exponents of class warfare, the Election was on the whole friendly and people seemed to be much more interested in what a candidate had to say than in the nature of his educational or social background. Those who had been kept on waiting lists through the doctrinaire housing policy of Mr. Bevan, and who had been emancipated by the efficiency of Mr. Macmillan, were quite prepared to forgive the latter for being an Old Etonian. The "we" and "they" mentality, which has done such untold harm in the present century, may now at last be giving way to a true sense of national solidarity.

Class feeling is a virus. It poisons the blood and threatens the life of a country. Perhaps the modern Conservative Party is destined to provide, as it were, the antibiotic to class feeling in Britain. Already there are signs that the cure is working, but it will not be effective unless the doctor, as well as the patient, is completely free from infection. It should be the

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Tory ideal to maintain a diverse community, in which the spirit of partnership reigns. Quality must not be sacrificed to equality, but everyone must have a fair chance and snobbery must perish in a gale of derision.

Outlook for Labour

THE Labour Party is now entering the most difficult phase in its history. The two main factions of which it is composed will each accuse the other of being responsible for the Party's defeat. The Right wing will blame the Bevanites, and the Left wing will assert that only a more militant brand of Socialism can capture the imagination of youth. Moreover, the structure of the Party will help to make the battle of ideas more intense. On the one hand the trade unions control the finances, on the other the Bevanites control a large number of constituency associations. Only a miracle can now restore unity to the Party, without loss of vitality; but such miracles often occur in British politics, and it is fortunate that they do, because our Constitution cannot work unless there is a tolerable alternative government.

Mr. Morrison was one of the first to realize that nationalization, far from being a panacea, was becoming a political liability to the Labour Party. For some years he has been striving to persuade his colleagues that the old slogans have lost their charm, but he has met with many rebuffs. No doubt he will now redouble his efforts, and his spirit seems to be quite undaunted. "Let nobody think we are in the doldrums," was his immediate comment on the Election result. "We are not. We have had our troubles before—much more serious troubles than this one. . . . We are up against some difficult problems of policy. We have got to think again with fresh minds, and not be afraid to make new approaches to party policy. In particular, it really is necessary that we shall have a united Labour Party. . . ."

Necessary, yes, but possible ? That is the question.

Bevan's Future

THE man who has it in his power to revive or destroy the Labour Party is Mr. Aneurin Bevan. He has now established such a strong position that he cannot be ignored. Even those who dislike his views are compelled to admit that he has a commanding and engaging personality. As a platform speaker and as a Parliamentarian he excels. His mind, though imperfectly trained and full of prejudice, is enhanced by a lively imagination. His record as an administrator is marred by faults which were the direct consequence of false theories. In controversy he has often been guilty of outrageous utterances. Yet when all his defects have been listed he remains the most interesting figure in the Labour Party to-day.

Will his political flair and his verbal gifts now enable him to escape from the blind alley into which he has blundered? If he can leave behind him the jumble of confused notions known as Bevanism, and the miscellaneous body known as Bevanites, and if he can come to terms with those trade

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A Liberal Revival?

IN that event (which seems to us unlikely) the Liberal Party might conceivably come back into its own again. At present it can only claim to have maintained its strength in the country, but there are some indications that ex-Socialists are more willing to vote Liberal than to vote Tory. If this tendency were to grow, and if the Liberal hierarchy were strengthened by an intake of Right-wing Labourites, the Party might regain the status which it lost thirty years ago.

Even if this realignment did not take place in name, it might take place in fact. The Right wing of the Labour Party might detach itself from the extremists and become a liberal reforming party, whose basic philosophy would not differ in essentials from that of the Conservative Party. The country would thus be assured of a healthy alternation of government, without having to pay the penalty of ideological division.

Local Variations

THE swing to Conservatism was by no means uniform throughout the country. In the Midlands it was very marked ; for instance at Coventry Mr. Richard Crossman's majority was reduced by a half, Mr. Maurice Edelman's by two-thirds, and Mr. E. A. Burton's by three-quarters. But in some of the cotton districts of Lancashire the swing was negligible, non-existent or even adverse. This was the inevitable result of short-time in the cotton industry, and anxiety concerning its future.

Another part of England where Government candidates ran into trouble was East Anglia. In South-west Norfolk, Labour actually regained a seat which it had lost in 1951 ; and several other Norfolk and Suffolk seats showed a distinct anti-Conservative movement. This may be due to the radical tradition of this area, which stretches back to the 17th century. Perhaps it is too fanciful to see the ghost of Oliver Cromwell in contemporary Election results, but it is hard to think of any other explanation.

Disappointing Results in Scotland

THE most striking example of resistance to the general trend was to be seen in Scotland. In some constituencies, it is true, the Conservative candidates made a better showing than in 1951. At Rutherglen Mr. Richard Broome-White, who had won the seat last time by 352 votes, increased his majority to over 2,000, while at Greenock Mr. Hector McNeil had his majority cut from nearly 6,000 to little more than 1,000.

But on the whole the Scottish results, without being disastrous, were disappointing. In the Edinburgh South division Sir William Darling's

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What was the Reason?

IT is most important to discover the reason, or reasons, for Scotland's lack of enthusiasm. We are tempted to infer that nationalist feeling was the underlying cause. Nor is this inference based upon mere guess-work. In Perth and East Perthshire the Nationalist candidate, Dr. R. D. McIntyre, who in 1951 was bottom of the poll with about 6,500 votes, this time came second—outstripping the Labour candidate—with over 9,000 votes. At Inverness the Liberal, Mr. J. M. Bannerman, came very near to winning the seat, and it is surely no coincidence that the Liberal Party believes in a measure of legislative devolution to Scotland. A careful study of the Scottish results might even lead to the conclusion that neither of the two main parties is at the moment giving satisfaction to the Scots, and the fact that neither is prepared to consider an elected body for Scotland, on the Ulster model, might well be the reason for their unpopularity.

If so, we implore the Conservative Party leaders to give second thoughts to this question. In the past we have frequently argued the case for a Scottish representative body (it need not be called a Parliament) for limited purposes, and we are convinced that on merits the case is unanswerable. But to politicians the most potent logic is that of expediency, and the danger of losing votes on a very large scale at the next Election may succeed, where argument has failed, in gaining authoritative support for the right policy.

Importance of Individuals

POLITICAL "experts" have tended in recent years to belittle the part which candidates can play in an Election contest. Most voters admittedly go to the polls to choose a Government, rather than an individual to represent them, but the role of a candidate may still be decisive.

This is particularly true of sitting Members, whose staying-power was amply demonstrated in the Election. In every constituency there must be a considerable number of people who regard their M.P. more as a welfare officer than as a political figure; and if he or she has been assiduous and attentive in dealing with complaints, there may be quite a large personal vote in addition to the party vote. In Kent alone there were two outstanding personal results. Miss Pat Hornsby-Smith, who had to contend with both an unfavourable redistribution and a Liberal intervention, and whose chances of victory were discounted by nearly all observers, quadrupled her majority at Chislehurst. And at Faversham the Socialist, Mr. Percy Wells, who had only held the seat by 562 in 1951, managed to retain it by fifty-nine votes, against a strong challenger. Further evidence of the importance of individual candidates, and especially of sitting Members, can be seen in nearly every part of the country.

Triumph for Sir Anthony

ABOVE all, the election proved that good leadership is indispensable to a party. The Socialists did their best to build up Mr. Attlee; his picture appeared on posters with a legend suggesting that he alone was trustworthy. But his studied ordinariness is no longer such a political asset as it once was, and anyway he is by no means the undisputed leader of his party. In the eyes of a floating voter the image of Attlee as the safe, simple, unassuming man—the strap-hanger's friend—was overshadowed by the larger and less comforting image of Bevan.

By contrast, Sir Anthony Eden stood out as the unquestioned leader of a united party; and there can be no doubt that his personal appeal was greater than that of any other public figure—not excluding Sir Winston Churchill himself. We once remarked that Eden had the capacity "to retain the confidence and affection of silly people, without being in the least silly himself, and without making any dangerous concessions to silliness."

He has not lost that capacity, and he seems to have grown in stature since

large number of Labour abstentions and Labour's failure, as Mr. Herbert Morrison said, to win "the battle of the marginal seats."

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are assumed to have a decisive lead in nuclear weapons. Even if the concessions made at Yalta were unwarrantable—and the anti-Yalta case has been much exaggerated—there is no reason whatever to fear that similar concessions will be made now. Some negotiation there must be, but there will be no sacrifice of principle.

Propaganda Advantage

IT is often said that the Russians are not " sincere " in their offer to talk at the highest level ; that their motive is only to secure propaganda advantage, and that we should therefore stand aloof. But by standing aloof we should surely be giving them the maximum propaganda advantage, whereas by agreeing to meet them we are keeping the score level in the propaganda war. The side which is genuinely anxious for peace and a settlement of international differences always stands to gain from such a

a ... in our action after the war in British politics, and it is fortunate that they do, because our Constitution cannot work unless there is a tolerable alternative government.

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Importance of Individuals

POLITICAL "experts" have tended in recent years to belittle the part which candidates can play in an Election contest. Most voters admittedly go to the polls to choose a Government, rather than an individual to represent them, but the role of a candidate may still be decisive.

This is particularly true of sitting Members, whose staying-power was amply demonstrated in the Election. In every constituency there must be a considerable number of people who regard their M.P. more as a welfare officer than as a political figure; and if he or she has been assiduous and attentive in dealing with complaints, there may be quite a large personal vote in addition to the party vote. In Kent alone there were two outstanding personal results. Miss Pat Hornsby-Smith, who had to contend with both an unfavourable redistribution and a Liberal intervention, and whose chances of victory were discounted by nearly all observers, quadrupled her majority at Chislehurst. And at Faversham the Socialist, Mr. Percy Wells, who had only held the seat by 562 in 1951, managed to retain it by fifty-nine votes, against a strong challenger. Further evidence of the importance of individual candidates, and especially of sitting Members, can be seen in nearly every part of the country.

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Triumph for Sir Anthony

ABOVE all, the election proved that good leadership is indispensable to a party. The Socialists did their best to build up Mr. Attlee; his picture appeared on posters with a legend suggesting that he alone was trustworthy. But his studied ordinariness is no longer such a political asset as it once was, and anyway he is by no means the undisputed leader of his party. In the eyes of a floating voter the image of Attlee as the safe, simple, unassuming man—the strap-hanger's friend—was overshadowed by the larger and less comforting image of Bevan.

By contrast, Sir Anthony Eden stood out as the unquestioned leader of a united party; and there can be no doubt that his personal appeal was greater than that of any other public figure—not excluding Sir Winston Churchill himself. We once remarked that Eden had the capacity “to retain the confidence and affection of silly people, without being in the least silly himself, and without making any dangerous concessions to silliness.” He has not lost that capacity, and he seems to have grown in stature since he took over the Premiership. His solo appearance on television at the end of the campaign, in which he gave an unscripted talk lasting a quarter of an hour, may well have influenced hundreds of thousands of marginal voters ; and his numerous open-air meetings may also have affected the final result. He is at his best when he speaks informally and without careful preparation ; set-piece orations in the grand manner are quite unsuited to his personality. The Conservative Party is indeed lucky to have as its leader one who combines the attributes of film star and statesman. And we may also reflect that Sir Anthony has the late Lord Baldwin's gift for raising controversy far above the squalid partisan level, and for appealing to sensible, patriotic citizens of all parties, while he is conspicuously free from the Baldwinian faults of indolence and indifference to foreign affairs.

Top-Level Talks

WE referred last month to the danger—electoral as well as diplomatic—of fighting shy of top-level talks with the Russians. Fortunately Mr. Macmillan worked very fast after he became Foreign Secretary and he managed to persuade the Americans to agree to such a conference. It now seems likely that President Eisenhower, Marshal Bulganin, M. Faure and Sir Anthony Eden will meet in Switzerland towards the end of July.

Much nonsense has been talked and written about the idea that Heads of Government should meet. It has been suggested that we are about to witness “another Yalta,” though in fact there is no analogy between the present situation and that which Roosevelt and Churchill had to face in the last year of the war. At that time the Russians had every advantage; their troops were advancing rapidly into Eastern Europe and the Western leaders were haunted by the possibility that Stalin might conclude a separate peace with Hitler. Now the Western Allies have a bargaining position which is on the whole superior to the Russians'. The Paris agreements have created a firm front in Western Europe and the Americans

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are assumed to have a decisive lead in nuclear weapons. Even if the concessions made at Yalta were unwarrantable—and the anti-Yalta case has been much exaggerated—there is no reason whatever to fear that similar concessions will be made now. Some negotiation there must be, but there will be no sacrifice of principle.

Propaganda Advantage

IT is often said that the Russians are not "sincere" in their offer to talk at the highest level; that their motive is only to secure propaganda advantage, and that we should therefore stand aloof. But by standing aloof we should surely be giving them the maximum propaganda advantage, whereas by agreeing to meet them we are keeping the score level in the propaganda war. The side which is genuinely anxious for peace and a settlement of international differences always stands to gain from such a meeting. If the other side is "sincere," definite progress can be made; if not, the moral rights and wrongs of the case are clearly demonstrated—as at the Berlin Conference.

Besides, it is just possible that the Russians may now be "sincere" in their desire to ease tension. This does not of course mean that they have abandoned their ultimate objectives of world revolution and world conquest. But they may have decided that the military odds are not in their favour at the moment and that "peaceful coexistence" may be their wisest policy for the time being. They now appear to be willing to discuss disarmament not in terms of nuclear weapons only, but in terms of conventional arms and armies as well; and they have suggested that there should be a system of international inspection. If these encouraging hints are taken at their face value, there is some reason to hope that the meeting of Heads of Government may be fruitful.

No German Unity without Disarmament

ONCE again the problem of German reunification raises its head. We have always refused to join in the chorus of pious lamentation that Germany should be divided. It has seemed to us that in the immediate aftermath of Bismarck, the Kaiser, and Hitler, there was much to be said for a divided Germany. But this state of affairs cannot last for ever and it is necessary to consider on what terms we should be prepared to countenance reunification.

The Western Powers have already made it plain that they will on no account allow the democratic methods, which are gradually and painfully asserting themselves in the Federal Republic, to be nipped in the bud. Nor can they consent to any arrangement which would make possible a repetition of German mischief-making and military adventure. It is therefore obvious that Germany can only be reunited as part of a general *détente*. Above all, disarmament must precede reunification.

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Russian Leaders in Belgrade

MARSHAL TITO reaped the reward of his courage and cunning when he received in Yugoslavia a Russian delegation, headed by Marshal Bulganin and Mr. Kruschev, at the end of last month. This was the culminating gesture of reconciliation on the part of the Russians to a man who has established himself as the world's leading Communist heresiarch.

The declaration, which was signed by Tito and Bulganin at the end of their talks, is full of ambiguities and generalities. But among the principles which it lays down is the following :

. . . mutual respect for, and non-interference in, internal affairs, for whatever reason, whether of an economic, political or ideological nature, because questions of internal organization, of different social systems, and of different forms of Socialist development, are solely the concern of the individual countries.

In this turgid formula the Russians admit that they made a capital mistake in trying to excommunicate Tito, and they recognize by implication that they cannot at this stage impose a standard pattern even upon the Communist part of the world.

Strikes of a New Kind

IT is impossible to determine with any accuracy the economic consequences of the railway and dock strikes, though their gravity is self-evident, and it is equally obvious that their effects will grow steadily more serious the longer they continue. The temper of the public has been all the more tried in that the strikes fit none of the accepted ideas as to what strikes should be about. It is easier to meet a crisis, and to suffer hardship or inconvenience, if the cause is clear.

In neither case are the workers involved primarily concerned to use the strike weapon to get better pay. The strikes do not even arise out of differences between the workers and their employers. They arise essentially out of differences between rival representatives of the workers. In the docks the strike has been caused by the desire of one union for recognition, the obstacle to which arises, not from the employers, but from the existing body of recognized unions. On the railways the sums of money at issue are negligible—"the price of a packet of cigarettes" they have been called—and are recognized by all parties to be fundamentally irrelevant to the issue.

It would be quite wrong to conclude that the strikes are therefore about matters of no importance. Clearly those involved must have believed that issues vital to them were at stake before they would fly in the face of a considerable body of public opinion and alienate the public sympathy which the engine drivers at least previously enjoyed. Nor is there any evidence that the strikes were caused by Communists or other subversive elements, though, particularly in the docks, such elements have undoubtedly been quick to exploit the difficulties which already existed.

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Inter-Union Rivalry

THE first lesson to be drawn is that the problems involved in industrial relations are far more complex than the rather *simpliste* analysis of a class war between employers and workers suggests. In the last few years there has been a steady and marked general improvement in the relations of employers and workers, but this improvement has itself led to other and more diverse problems. The present strikes have focussed attention on two of these problems—recognition and differentials—which have already caused trouble in other industries. But these are not the only difficulties, and these strikes are not the only ones from which we have suffered in recent years, whose origin is not to be found in a simple conflict of interest between the employer and his employees.

Sir Walter Monckton and the Government have obviously been right in refusing to treat industrial relations as a political issue. What the layman and the public at large feel entitled to expect is that means of solving these complex and largely technical problems should be found, which do not cause incommensurate harm to the community. The paradox of the present situation is that the greater part of the burden of hardship and inconvenience falls on those who are in no way concerned with the immediate question at issue.

The Position of A.S.L.E.F.

THE strike of the locomotive engineers and firemen is only the last chapter in a long chronicle that certainly refutes the contention that nationalization is any short-cut to good industrial relations. The original claim was put in as long ago as the summer of 1953. Subsequent negotiations broke down twice and strikes were avoided only at the eleventh hour both last winter and in 1953.

The present position of the A.S.L.E.F. arises from certain events which took place in the late summer of 1954. At that time, after some two years of negotiation, a solution at last seemed within reach. The N.U.R. had signed an agreement with the Transport Commission and the A.S.L.E.F. had agreed to take their claim to the Railway Staff National Tribunal. In November they agreed to accept the Tribunal's award. Just before the announcement of the Tribunal's award to the footplate-men, however, the N.U.R. repudiated their previous agreement with the Commission. After a Court of Inquiry had investigated the position a new agreement was negotiated between the N.U.R. and the Commission. The A.S.L.E.F. thereupon claimed an increase that would re-establish the differential between the wages of the footplate-men, as determined by the Tribunal award, and all the other grades that existed at the time of the award. This claim was rejected by the Commission and taken by the A.S.L.E.F. to the Tribunal, who maintained that their previous decision had not been intended to establish differentials, but to fix the rate for the job. Strike notices were immediately sent out by A.S.L.E.F., withdrawn just before the General Election campaign, but, despite

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further abortive negotiations, re-imposed immediately after the General Election. The strike started on the morning of Whit Saturday.

The strike is on the issue of differentials. To concede the A.S.L.E.F. claim, apart from a change in the wage structure agreed by the N.U.R., could only lead to a series of "leap-frogging" claims put in alternately by each union. Underlying the differentials issue is an obvious conflict between the two unions. The A.S.L.E.F. have indeed in one respect been forced into the position of arguing against differentials within the grade—as the latest Commission proposals would have given certain drivers higher earnings than the union claims. What the A.S.L.E.F. are striking for seems to be a form of wage structure that will stress their independence of other grades and make sure that all grades of railway worker are not eventually represented by a single union.

State of Emergency

ON May 31 a State of Emergency was proclaimed under the Emergency Powers Act of 1920. The object of the Proclamation was not in any way to break the strike, and the Orders in Council which were made at the same time merely give Departmental Ministers the powers to make such emergency regulations as might be necessary for the maintenance of essential supplies and services. The most important of these powers are probably those which enable the Minister of Fuel and Power to ration petrol and the Minister of Agriculture to regulate the supply of animal feeding-stuffs, should this action become necessary. The remaining powers remove certain statutory obligations of Gas and Electricity Authorities, empower the Postmaster-General to refuse to take letters and parcels above a certain weight, and empower the Minister of Transport to authorize the use of goods vehicles outside the terms of existing licences.

The Government is to be congratulated on taking these powers with such promptitude, and the Prime Minister deserves high praise for his broadcast speech on Whit-Sunday, in which he took the country into his confidence and presented the facts of the case with admirable fairness and moderation.

Footnote

AS a result of the railway strike, publication of this issue has been still further delayed. We apologize to readers and subscribers for this inconvenience, which it has not been in our power to avoid.

CAN THERE BE A BI-PARTISAN COLONIAL POLICY?

The question put by

COLIN LEGUM

No period in Britain's long Colonial history has more urgently demanded a bi-partisan Colonial policy than this, the last stage in the transformation of Empire into Commonwealth. In the next thirty years—probably sooner—the greater part of the Colonial Empire will have become self-governing. The task of guiding and buttressing these nascent independent States will make an increasingly heavy demand on Britain. And all the time the margin between success and failure grows increasingly narrow. Yet history's final verdict on Britain's role as an Imperial power will rightly rest on the success we make of this last great act of transformation.

Such a challenge seems to me to demand something more, something finer, than the rather inane shadow-boxing—justified by party rivalry—that in recent years has marked and marred the political scene. Is not this the moment when the leaders of the great parties should try and do in the Colonial sphere what they have done with such splendid success in the field of Commonwealth affairs, where an acceptable bi-partisan policy has been established and maintained without injury to the interests of either party, and with benefit to the entire Commonwealth?

Not for a moment do I wish to appear to suggest that it will be easy to bring about this agreement, or that it can be accomplished overnight. But I do suggest that such a policy is both desirable and feasible.

I have not the space in this article to argue that no deep gulf divides the major parties over questions of principle on Colonial policy, although they naturally have different attitudes. From 1941 to 1952 Britain virtually held to a bi-partisan Colonial line. A genuine effort to do so can, I believe, re-establish the conditions that will allow the growth and consolidation of such a policy.

Here is one of the many examples that can be quoted against the view of those who might think that I am being altogether too sanguine. In 1954, when the Kenya situation was at its most serious, and party rivalry at Westminster at its most intense, a joint Parliamentary delegation (under the leadership of Mr. Walter Elliott) was sent to report on the situation in that Colony. The members, though strongly divided at first, eventually produced an agreed report, which was later strongly supported by the vast majority of Members in the Commons. It was a triumphant vindication of the view of those who believe that a bi-partisan approach is possible. And the value of that particular mission, coming at a decisive moment, was incalculable.

My complaint is that not enough is being done to promote this kind of approach; and that what is being done is not part of a conscious policy with pre-determined objectives. A bi-partisan policy will not grow of itself. It calls for persistence, patience and skilful leadership. Above all, it demands the very opposite of the way in

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which Colonial affairs are now handled at Westminster. Nobody who has watched Parliamentary procedures should be surprised that disagreements occur as often as they do. These conflicts can be avoided only by introducing different practices.

Having no special knowledge of Parliamentary procedures, I must leave it to those better qualified than I am to offer a practical scheme. But perhaps I can make a tentative suggestion.

Could there not be a number of representative Parliamentary Standing Committees for each of the Colonial regions: West Africa, East and Central Africa, the West Indies, South-East Asia, and the Mediterranean? These Committees could have under constant review developments in their several regions. They should have attached to them Colonial Office representatives; members should regularly visit territories in their regions and report back on their findings; visitors to London, both officials and non-officials, from the Colonies, should be invited to meet the Committees. And the Colonial Secretary should use them for joint consultation.

What might one expect from such an arrangement? First, Parliament would be enriched by the acquisition of M.P.s. of all parties thoroughly familiar with different aspects of Colonial affairs. Secondly, the party caucuses would have available to them men who could provide most of the facts required to determine a correct party decision. Thirdly, the Colonial Secretary would have access to M.P.s. of all political opinions whose advice he could respect

in formulating major policy. Fourthly, it would encourage M.P.s. to work out Colonial policy together, in private, instead of arguing issues across the floor of the House, with the inevitable temptation to secure party advantage. Finally, such a functional approach to Colonial policies would provide an important opportunity to the Colonial leaders to state their views directly to representatives of the House of Commons.

I know that many objections will be raised to such proposals. Loyal partisans, and others, will fear lest the opportunities for honest criticism in Parliament will be diminished. But this is not at all a necessary consequence of the proposals I have put forward. There will be plenty of opportunity for the die-hard Imperialists at the one extreme, and the militant "Colonial-freedom-now" brigade at the other extreme, to state their dissenting views. But it will give to the broad phalanx of middle-roaders of all parties a chance to formulate and support bi-partisan policies, based on steady examination and understanding of the intricate problems of each Colony. And it will serve to maximize, rather than minimize (as the present procedures seem to do) the opportunities for sensible agreement. Cannot those of us who are interested in the enthralling experiment of transforming our Colonial Empire into a Commonwealth of Nations at least agree that it is worth-while trying to provide, in Parliament, the machinery for a bi-partisan Colonial policy?

COLIN LEGUM.

CAN THERE BE A BI-PARTISAN COLONIAL POLICY ?

Conservative Comment by

VISCOUNT CHANDOS

IT is good news that Mr. Legum comes out in favour of a bi-partisan approach to Colonial affairs. This is doubly gratifying because the *Observer*, for which Mr. Legum regularly writes, has not made any readily discernible contribution to this cause in recent years.

Few will disagree with him that Colonial affairs should be brought as far as possible out of the range of party politics. When I was Secretary of State I did all I could, during a troublesome period, to restore this bi-partisan approach, and may even have succeeded in a small measure. For example, in the Vote of Censure Debate in December 1953, I said: "It is a sad day which witnesses the final breakdown of a national approach to Colonial affairs. If this debate did anything to clear the air or, at least, did anything to lay the foundations upon which we can go on to build a less partisan approach to these subjects, it would have been a good afternoon for us and, above all, it would have been a good afternoon for the Colonial territories. Let no Hon. Member forget that we are the most progressive Colonial power in the world, and that we have all set our hands, whatever our party, to giving self-government within the Commonwealth to these territories."

Mr. Legum dilates, quite rightly, upon the advantages of a bi-partisan policy, but pitches the result of the

Parliamentary Delegation to Kenya a little higher than they would have pitched it themselves when he says: "the value of that particular mission, coming at a decisive moment, was incalculable."

When, however, he embarks upon constructive suggestions, we see the usual results which attend back-seat drivers when they get into the driving seat. Of course Mr. Legum is a skilled enough journalist to precede his remarks with the anodyne words: "Having no special knowledge of Parliamentary procedures, I must leave it to those better qualified than I am to offer a practical scheme." He then proposes a number of representative Parliamentary Standing Committees for each of the Colonial regions. These committees are to have attached to them Colonial Office representatives. Members should regularly visit territories in their regions and report back on their findings. The powers of these committees are not defined, nor the responsibilities of the Colonial Office representatives to them, nor any rules concerning what information they are entitled to require, nor to whom they are to report.

The idea is, apparently, to set up a sort of hybrid system more closely resembling the American system, which is applicable to an entirely different form of Constitution from that under which we are governed. Mr. Legum's proposals amount in fact to a running

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audit of Colonial affairs by Standing Committees.

The existence of Parliamentary Standing Committees dealing with some particular piece of administration, for which a Minister of the Crown is responsible to the House, would be an innovation in Parliamentary procedure which every parliamentarian or constitutionalist would resist to the utmost. There can be no erosion of the responsibility which the Government has to the House. Apart from this, the administration by the Secretary of State and the Colonial Office, and also by the Queen's representative in the various Colonies and territories, would be broken down if members of these Standing Committees, who must be without responsibility to the House if the Minister's responsibility is to be preserved, were free at any time to call for information from officials. The duty of these officials is to advise the Minister or the Governor, as the case may be.

Mr. Legum turns his scorn upon the House of Commons and describes their deliberations as "inane shadow-boxing justified by party rivalry." Nor

is his analogy with Commonwealth affairs a particularly happy one, because the Secretary of State for Commonwealth Relations has no executive responsibility of any kind for the self-governing Dominions, and his role is more diplomatic than governmental.

Mr. Legum does something to mitigate his contemptuous sentence by saying that nobody who has watched human affairs should be surprised that disagreements often occur. I seem myself to recall from my early days the old tag *quot homines tot sententiae*.

If Mr. Legum discards his particular expedients and devotes his able pen to trying to promote dispassionate and disinterested discussion of Colonial affairs between the parties, he will do good to the cause of the Colonies and Colonial territories.

During my period of office I harboured the suspicion that the Labour Party thought Colonial affairs was a suitable battleground upon which to join issue with the Government. They thought—and in the event wrongly—that on this battlefield they would be able at least to close their own ranks.

CHANDOS.

CAN THERE BE A BI-PARTISAN COLONIAL POLICY?

Socialist Comment by

LORD OGMORE

I DO not agree with Mr. Legum that what is "urgently demanded" is a complete bi-partisan Colonial policy. In my view there is already in Parliament as much colonial bi-partisanship as is necessary and healthy. Mr. Legum

himself says that "no deep gulf divides the major parties over questions of principle on Colonial policy," and that "from 1941 to 1952 Britain virtually held to a bi-partisan Colonial line." So far as I am aware the attitude of the

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parties in 1955 is the same as it was in 1952, and if this statement was correct then, it is correct now.

It is true that both parties have the same main objective of policy, namely independence for the Colonies within the Commonwealth, and it is obviously desirable that this objective should be agreed, since otherwise confusion might be created with every change of government and the Colonies might become a shuttlecock between the battledores of our political parties. Nevertheless, apart from this objective, there are many questions upon which there are differences of opinion, not only in this country but in the Colonies themselves, and it is vitally important that these differing opinions should be voiced in Parliament and the various points of view upon them expressed. The scope of the Colonial Development Corporation, the original issue of principle over Central African Federation, and the future policies with reference to Cyprus and to Malta, are all cases in point.

What Mr. Legum really seems to advocate is not a greater degree of bipartisanship, but that the arguments on Colonial questions should no longer take place on the floor of the House of Lords or of the House of Commons, but in a series of Committee rooms upstairs. Government by parliamentary Committee has never been the practice in this country, and to introduce it would mean a radical change in our constitutional machinery. If desirable, this innovation need not frighten us, but in my view it is not desirable. Debates in Parliament are of immense value both to the Colonies and to the United Kingdom, and nothing should be allowed to take their place. They are educative, they tend to crystallize the issues in question, they prevent Governments from becoming lethargic or complacent, and they afford an assurance to the Colonial peoples that their

particular problems are recognized and discussed in the United Kingdom Parliament, the body ultimately responsible for their welfare. That our Parliamentary debates are susceptible of improvement none would deny, and it is to this end, and not to their substitution by Committees, whose deliberations would be in private, that our efforts should be directed.

Indeed Mr. Legum is on the wrong tack. More or less bi-partisanship is not the real question. There are, in fact, two main problems in the Colonial constitutional field and with neither does Mr. Legum deal. It has become evident that there are three classes of Colonies. The first consists of those which will be able to stand on their own individual feet and sustain independence within the Commonwealth; of these there are probably only three—Malaya, Nigeria and the Gold Coast. The second consists of those that will be able to do so if federated with adjoining or neighbouring territories; examples of these are Singapore, the West Indian islands, the Central African territories and the Borneo Colonies. But the third category, consisting of some twenty-five or so Colonial territories will, owing to their geographical isolation, their lack of economic resources, or their multi-racial problems, be quite unable to do so in the foreseeable future. The Colonial peoples in the last category, nevertheless, have the right, in addition to self-government in domestic affairs, to expect that they will be represented in a sovereign Parliament dealing with wide issues such as defence, foreign affairs and other questions of common concern between themselves and the outside world.

The first problem, therefore, arising out of this analysis is the relationship of the States in the first and second categories I have mentioned, when they achieve independence within the Com-

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monwealth, to the now existing members. Neither of our main parties has yet declared an opinion on this delicate question, but no doubt it will be solved in an empirical way and possibly along the lines of having circles of States, the circles interlinking but not necessarily coinciding.

The second main constitutional problem is the future of the twenty-five or so Colonial territories in the third category. On this the Government, the Colonial Office and the Conservative Party seem to have no views. The Labour Party has recognized and stated the problem in its statement of policy on Colonial affairs and in its pamphlet *Facing Facts in the Colonies*. In the latter publication it sets out various suggestions for the solution of this problem, for consideration and discussion. These suggestions are, first, the creation of a Grand Council of the Commonwealth and Empire, with a

membership representing the people of the Colonies and as many of what used to be called "Dominions" as care to be included; or, secondly, the conversion of the present Parliament at Westminster into a Commonwealth Parliament, and a separate domestic one created; or, thirdly, the representation of the Colonies in the United Kingdom Parliament, as in the case of Northern Ireland; or, fourthly, the admission of representatives from the Colonies to membership of the House of Lords.

These are obviously the weighty constitutional questions to be considered in Parliament and outside it, and whilst I am grateful to *The National and English Review* for accommodating this discussion, and to Mr. Legum for initiating it, I do feel that the latter is barking up the wrong tree and respectfully direct his attention to the right ones.

OGMORE.

WEEKLIES AND THE ELECTION

By RICHARD BAILEY

THE size of the market for the five serious weeklies—*The Economist*, *New Statesman and Nation*, *Spectator*, *Time and Tide* and *Truth*—is not accurately known, as not all of them publish circulation figures. From the evidence available it is probable that between them they sell some 200,000 copies a week. *Punch*, which has a circulation of 145,000, is much more serious-minded since Malcolm Muggeridge became editor, nevertheless it is still not quite in the same category as the *New Statesman* and will be considered separately.

Although their sales are compara-

tively small, the fact that the weeklies find their way into the clubs and libraries gives them a readership which is estimated at about two million. As this includes all the information-seekers, opinion-formers and do-gooders in the population, what the weeklies say during a General Election campaign is of considerable importance.

Politically the weeklies line up one on each side and three independents. The *New Statesman's* monopoly of the intellectuals of the Left is broken only by *Tribune*, which, in its present phase, cannot really be regarded as a serious journal. *Truth* is the only avowedly

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Conservative weekly. *The Spectator*, *The Economist* and *Time and Tide* are all independent in varying degrees. The recent Election is the first for two editors—George Scott of *Truth*, and Ian Gilmour of *The Spectator*—while Philip Goodhart has only recently become deputy editor of *Time and Tide*. Only Geoffrey Crowther and Kingsley Martin can look back through the files and check on what they themselves wrote about the parties at earlier Elections.

The weeklies are not equipped to collect news for themselves. They are essentially journals of opinion, whose task is to comment on the news and provide background information. Right at the start of the present campaign *The Observer* made a very important scoop by hiring two of the leading psephologists* in the country—David Butler and R. T. Mackenzie—to write a special Election Guide throughout the campaign. This feature was so comprehensive that there was little factual material on the conduct of the Election and factors affecting public opinion left for anyone else to say. As a result, the weeklies, with one exception, contained little or no psephology.

The exception was *The Economist* which produced a section on "The Election of 1955" in four issues. This survey, together with the three special articles on policy mentioned below, had perhaps more influence on public opinion than anything else written during the campaign.

The Economist Election Guide began on April 30 with such typical *Economist* cross-headings as "Swings, Seats and Candidates," "Pink Hopes and Red Letters," "Forward with Labour," "The Press lines up," "The Air is Neutral." The next issue covered

* "Psephology"—meaning the study of elections—is a word invented by R. B. McCallum.

"The Hidden Hum," "Polls and Prospects," "Local Hors d'Œuvres," "Split Votes," "Who Goes Home?" "Fair Play," "Radio and Television." "Fair Play" dealt with the Conservative attempts to contact hospital patients through local doctors. A long analysis of the marginal constituencies was spread over two issues (May 14 and 21). There was a whole page table of sensitive indications of the Election results, which no doubt proved invaluable to all who listened in after polling day.

Apart from this excellent piece of psephology, however, *The Economist* had a series of three articles comparing the records and promises of the Conservatives and Socialists on economic issues and foreign affairs, followed by a summing up. In one of its sourer pieces of debunking some months ago *Punch* gave *The Economist* the sub-title "The Fence-Sitter's Chronicle." It was the fact that there was no attempt at fence-sitting in the three Election articles that was so significant. In each case the ability of the parties to carry out the sort of policy needed at the present time was assessed. In each case Labour was found wanting. The final words of the third article were: "But in the Election of 1955 an elector who tries to reach his conclusion by reason based on observation has no choice. He may not like voting Tory, but there is nothing else he can do."

Nothing else printed in the weeklies during the Election campaign was as thorough, comprehensive or effective as the *Economist* articles. The *New Statesman's* contribution to the Election was very mixed. Only two of the front-page editorials dealt with the Election in the four issues before polling day. On April 30 the only article definitely on the Election was on the Socialist manifesto. By some mischance none of the other weeklies dealt

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with *Forward with Labour* until the following week. There was not much more on May 7. Apart from a short Election Diary there were sentimental articles by J. P. W. Mallalieu and John Freeman—on the closing of a railway and a Parliamentary career respectively. Kingsley Martin had over a page on "China in Uniform." At this stage none of the thousands who are supposed to buy the *New Statesman* just to read "This England" would have guessed from what they saw on other pages that an Election was in the offing.

By May 14 things had brightened up. William Salter's article on "The TV Election—Round One" was lively and entertaining. The front-page leader dealt with foreign policy and R. H. S. Crossman produced one of his barbed splutters about Mr. Priestley. Kingsley Martin was still preoccupied with "China in Uniform." It was not until May 21 that the *New Statesman* changed into top gear and produced the sort of stuff that has made it loathed by foes and friends alike. The front-page leader pointed to "The Danger of a Tory Sweep." William Salter found that Mrs. Pitt had "failed to divest herself of the whining speech rhythms that accompany a Birmingham accent." Sagittarius had some sly lines in his "Election ABC." It is doubtful, however, whether "I is Inflation Conservatives bring," "L is for Labour who'd cut call-up time," or "V stands for Victory Labour should win," would raise more than a wry smile. V. S. Pritchett in "Crusoe at Gravesend" gave a stylized account of Sir Richard Acland's campaign.

The set piece of the issue, and indeed of the four issues, during the Election campaign, was the profile of Lord Woolton. This, complete with Vicky cartoon, like its predecessors in this series, sailed as near to libel as the law allows. It was the only real sign of

violent partisanship that the *New Statesman* permitted itself during the Election.

The Spectator alone among the weeklies invited party leaders to contribute articles on their policies. The disadvantage of this well-worn gambit is that in an Election campaign Ministers have not much time to reflect on the best way to say their piece in 1,000 words. The results are generally trite and dull. In this case, however, Mr. R. A. Butler wrote a distinguished essay on "Freedom and Opportunity," which considered the problem of individual freedom against the background of economic development. The series lost a great deal from the selection of authors. It is hard to see why the statement of the Labour case should have been entrusted to a back-bencher, Mr. Kenneth Robinson, when the Conservative case required no less than four articles by Messrs. Butler, Macmillan, Maudling and David Ormsby-Gore. Mr. Joseph Grimond appeared for the Liberals.

The Spectator had much the most lively political commentator in Henry Fairlie. Among other useful services he defined an Election issue as something (a) "which will make those electors who might otherwise not trouble to vote go to the polls, or (b) which will make those electors who might otherwise be committed to one party vote for the other." On this definition there were surprisingly few issues in this campaign. The *Daily Mirror*'s "tame Tories" was certainly not one.

Apart from Political Commentary, *The Spectator*'s Notebook consisted largely of Election material. On May 6 there was a spirited note on the five "independents" chosen by the *News Chronicle* for a series called "Off the Party Line," in which Mr. J. B. Priestley was described as "a sort of Poujade of the super-tax class."

WEEKLIES AND THE ELECTION

The editorials and the various commentaries made *The Spectator's* position quite clear throughout the campaign. The leader "Record or Pendulum" on May 20 asked: "Can we take it for granted now that the country will prosper whoever wins?" There was no doubt about the answer.

Truth entered the Election campaign with a flying start by publishing the date of the Election on April 1, while the newspaper strike was still on and a fortnight before the Prime Minister made the official announcement. This was an unusual scoop for a weekly.

Throughout the campaign *Truth* was rather more vehement in its editorial pronouncements than the more independent weeklies. "Why the Socialists Must Not Come Back," "Foreign Policy and the Election" and "The Summing Up" gave categorical views on the need for a Conservative Government. The diary sections of the paper were also largely devoted to Election topics.

The most interesting feature in *Truth* was a series of impressions of the campaign in various towns. On May 6 Bernard Levin dealt with Nottingham, Manchester, Rugby and Bristol. This was lively, interesting writing, in which a series of pictures was cunningly created: e.g. the highly efficient Nottingham agent with everything marked up on cards, or Bevan arriving on the platform "slightly ahead of the applause." The following week *Truth* had what was in many ways the most entertaining "weekly" article of the campaign. This was "The Baronet and the Bomb," an account of a visit to Gravesend, by Alan Brien. Mr. Brien's picture of Sir Richard Acland has the merit of being based on observation and the reader is grateful for some attractive phrases. "No pillar of smoke hung over Gravesend to mark the site of the battle." "A belief in the possi-

bility of a Utopia can co-exist peacefully with a shrewd self-interest." "A tall, thin, wiry man, who might have been made out of pipe cleaners."

Time and Tide made no secret of its preference for the Conservative Party at this Election. Indeed, one irate reader demanded to know "how you can sub-title your paper 'The Independent Weekly' when it is so obviously a mouthpiece of the Tory Party."

The leaders were not nearly so forthright as those in *Truth*. "Invest in Success" on May 14 pointed to the achievements of the Government and gave particular praise to "a genial, if slightly unpredictable, old gentleman," now the octogenarian candidate for Woodford. Also on May 14, Martyn Skinner wrote rather a lot of his characteristic rhymed couplets on "Election Prospects", which, whatever their poetic merits, were not so naïve in sentiment as Sagittarius' verses.

Like *Truth*, *Time and Tide* produced notes on the campaign in some of the marginal constituencies. Those chosen were all marginal and included Preston, Plymouth, Rugby and Battersea. Diogenes, who has long been a stalwart, if independent, prop of private enterprise, spent a surprisingly quiet Election. His articles on May 7 and 14 dealt with the growth of the power of the central Government. To be sure, he mentioned that he would be voting Conservative, but only because he felt the Tories would do less harm than the Labour Party. On May 21 he cut loose and devoted himself to the theme of "Ever-returning Spring," with quotations from Albert Schweitzer, Ambrose Bierce, Abraham Lincoln, and others, all chosen to show that all things are possible in Spring, even talks with Russia.

The fact that *Punch* did not set out to play any part in this Election was probably connected with Malcolm

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Muggeridge's decision not to vote. Such references as appeared set out either to show that all parties are the same, or simply to poke fun. The most amusing effort was the "Message from Mrs. Tremayne" in the Conservialist mock Election address to the Mid-Glamshire Division. "You cannot, of course, know my husband as intimately as I do, but if you did I know you would have no hesitation in wanting him at Westminster." Another successful piece of nonsense was the representation of a front page of the *Daily Mirror* with the question "Whose Hand? To-day yours is in the till. See you keep it there. Vote for the Party you can trust." On the eve of the poll *Punch* produced its Summer number, the cover showing Mr. Punch sitting peacefully on the sands. A few drawings depended for their point on the Election. The rest was silence.

Any assessment of the influence of

the weeklies must take account of the quality as well as the quantity of their readership. Talking to people is still, according to the Gallup Poll, the third most popular way in which people find out about politics. While not all the two million readers of the weeklies are by any means politically active, there can be no doubt that they include the more politically educated sections of all parties. They also include the non-partisans who are politically neutral, either from choice or because of the nature of their work.

It may be that when the psephologists produce the detailed analysis of this Election later in the year, they will decide that *The Economist* was one of the principal factors in shaping informed opinion. Otherwise the Election has probably not been greatly affected by the weeklies.

RICHARD BAILEY.

FIFTY YEARS OF NORWEGIAN INDEPENDENCE

By W. GORE ALLEN

NORWEGIAN history, however variegated and exciting, lends itself supremely well to study on account of the few clearly defined phases through which the country has passed to reach the half century of independence. The old, free Norway endured until the break-up of Hanseatic power in the 1550's and the subsequent enforcing of a Danish absolutism. The Danish dependency lasted, with ever-mounting friction, until the

re-shaping of Northern Europe at the final stage of the Napoleonic Wars. The union under a dual monarchy with Sweden proved itself a makeshift which could not be prolonged for more than ninety-one uncomfortable years.

The ending of the Swedo-Norwegian Union in 1905 was rendered inevitable, not merely by defects in administering the affairs—in particular the foreign policy—of the "Double Nation," but also by a powerful and distinctive Nor-

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wegian national consciousness. This nationalism came to demand Home Rule as a logical outcome of independent constitutional development rather than as a primary objective. Just because it did tolerate a Norwegian Constitution, the Union always contained the seeds of its own disruption.

The Constitution had been drawn up in circumstances sufficiently unusual and romantic to make a lasting appeal to the Norwegian people. For, in 1814, when the Great Powers were intent on reducing Danish influence, the Danish Prince, Christian Frederik, threw in his lot with the Norwegians, convened a Storthing in the Eidsvoll ironworks, and there pledged himself to exercise a limited monarchy at the apex of a State otherwise to be conducted on the French and North American model. Although in the same year Christian Frederik was forced to retire and the Union was accomplished, Karl Johan, the first sovereign of the "Double Nation," could only maintain the novel combination by honouring pledges which he himself had never given.

The Eidsvoll Storthing had proved too strong for the will of the Great Powers, a fact which became increasingly apparent as the 1814 Constitution militated against the smooth working of the Union. Sweden, in spite of—and perhaps because of—her good intentions, was attempting the impossible. In the first place, she was seeking to graft Norwegian democracy on to a system which pursued until late in the nineteenth century something still approaching government by rank; and in the second place she was maintaining a foreign service which went practically no way to meet distinctive Norwegian needs.

In the hasty ending of the Union, the Foreign Office struggle—the "Battle of the Consuls"—is sometimes seen as

a cause, when it was in fact no more than an occasion. It was undoubtedly irksome for Norway, with the third largest merchant-shipping tonnage in the world, to have the location of her Consulates determined by a Stockholm Ministry, thinking in terms of more strictly industrial requirements. But it is probable that in a fairly short time the Norwegians would have won all the necessary concessions. The truth is that the question of representation abroad provided an excellent excuse for terminating a partnership which Norway had not entered into with real freedom and which frustrated needs far deeper than that for the right commercial outlets.

Norwegian nationalism in 1905 presented one aspect, somewhat unusual in itself, and also strong in its potentiality for keeping the nation subsequently united. This was the leading part played in the separatist movement by the political Left, and in particular by Liberal intellectuals. Unlike Left-wing enthusiasm for similar developments elsewhere, the trend in Norway was neither directed towards some new doctrinaire alliance, nor was it without deep feeling for the national past. If the principal emphasis of the Right was on commercial opportunities, and that of the Left on the democracy first defined at Eidsvoll, both were equally aware that the nation must be freed to fulfil its special history. Given this common ground, there was no cause for comment in the new anthem's being composed by a Liberal writer, Bjørnson, nor that the opening words—"Ja, vi elsker dette landet" ("Yes, we love this country")—held a challengingly patriotic ring.

Even so, other States have started independent life in a political atmosphere equally propitious, only to discover in course of time that sectional interests were too strong for continued well-

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KING HAAKON.

Photo : Keystone Press.

being. Modern Norway was supremely fortunate, not only in having in the Eidsvoll Laws a Constitution reflecting the will and needs of a whole people, but also in her choice of a King able to give that Constitution life and meaning in the full context of 20th-century affairs.

In part at least it was the memory of Eidsvoll which led the Norwegians to turn to the Danish Royal House for their new Sovereign; and King Haakon himself must have had the example of Christian Frederik much in mind when he insisted on a plebiscite before accepting the Norwegian offer. The role he had to fill was difficult chiefly because it was experimental. In place of a gradual transition from an absolute to a constitutional monarchy, on the English pattern, he was called upon to

improvise an entirely novel form of kingship—a kingship with no sanction but the people's will, with a legislature to all intents and purposes single-chamber, functioning in the general climate of 18th-century revolutionary conceptions.

It is a supreme tribute to King Haakon's genius that, in the process of interpreting this Constitution, he should have strengthened further the unity of a people which had altered, both in itself and in its approach to the outside world, since the time of Christian Frederik. For, from 1905 onwards, although there were few if any who regretted the Union, there did exist in Norway the familiar sectional divisions—capital and labour, town and country, traditionalism and experimentalism, religious orthodoxy and free thought. Furthermore, most of the contestants were singularly apt at self-expression, so that political and philosophical ideas were taken readily into the forum of popular plays and novels.

Indeed, the challenge to Norwegian unity, when it came, was germinated in this very forum rather than in an avowedly political sphere, which the King might have been able to influence directly. The romanticism of Eidsvoll had always been in part a romanticism of the soil and of an heroic past, not without its racial legend. As Keyserling and other theorists insisted that the "best blood" of Norway was being drained off in a ceaseless migration to the United States, a school of thought arose in Norway itself which regarded Americanization as the enemy, equated urban living with American culture, and looked at length to National Socialism to maintain the purity of Northern Europe. Although Quisling and his *Nasjonal Samling* never commanded wide support, they constituted the solitary threat to unity, and they were in a position at a crucial moment

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to do incalculable mischief. It cannot be doubted that the *Samling* only came into being because the way had been prepared for it by such prophets of racialism and rusticism as the novelist, Knut Hamson.

The forces which always limited severely the scope of the "blood and soil" movement and which doomed its political manifestation to complete disaster immediately Norway was attacked by the Third Reich were somewhat diverse, yet closely intertwined at certain points. First, of course, came the strongly individual brand of Norwegian democracy—a democracy all the better able to defend itself because it was committed so little to precise formulae and theories. In a passionate concern for human rights, the Norwegian Church, priding itself on being a "folk church" and therefore suspicious of the rather more oligarchic character of its Swedish counterpart, voiced the peoples' inner sentiments and strengthened their resolve in times of crisis. Furthermore, the small Catholic minority, in which the Germans might have placed some hope, because many of its members were descended from one-time German settlers, was to prove itself utterly Norwegian. None had illuminated so brilliantly a truly heroic past as the Catholic author, Sigrid Undset; and her determination to cleanse that past of the racial myth was carried a stage further by her complete personal identification with the Resistance.

Nevertheless, it was certain trends in the more strictly political field which would have ensured Norway's sympathy for the Western Powers in World War II, even had Hitler not found it convenient to attack her. The break-up of the Union, having as its occasion Norwegian need of a separate foreign policy in commercial matters, witnessed as one of its results a gradual indivi-

duality of approach to world affairs in a wider context. The new Consulates, just because they facilitated trade principally with Britain and the British Commonwealth, became the chief centres of Norwegian diplomacy and therefore centres in which a new understanding of Britain was created. Little by little, without losing her place in the Scandinavian bloc, Norway became in advance of her near neighbours in sympathy for Western Europe.

This trend in foreign policy did not emerge in its full significance at once. In the first war, the Malmö meeting of 1914 emphasized no more than that the Scandinavian countries would maintain neutrality towards each other; but, by the Oslo meeting of 1917, it had become clear that the Norwegians were far less ready than were other neutrals to accede to German threats. The convoy system, with which Britain responded later the same year to protect British-Norwegian trade, was a fore-runner of that much closer maritime partnership which was to develop during World War II.

Norway's close approach to the West in the first war, and her actual alliance in the second, tend to be regarded by her neighbours as the principal impediment in the way of the formation of a really active and coherent Scandinavian bloc. Such a view, however, springs both from an over-simplified reading of Scandinavian history and from a somewhat naïve interpretation of present-day realities. It is true that dreams of a strong Northern Union have flourished intermittently ever since the Middle Ages, but no less true that they have always been frustrated by factors quite apart from Norway's special attraction to the West. Not the least of these factors is Denmark's peculiar vulnerability arising from her land frontier with Prussia and the constant tendency of Swedish foreign

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MUNDAL, NORWAY.

Photo: Picture Post Library.

policy to regard Sweden as a buffer state.

Since the last war, although understanding both Danish and Swedish difficulties, the Norwegians have refused to be held back on that account from their own path. Certainly a severe test of this individual policy was made in 1948, when the Swedish condition for establishing a *Danosve* combination on the Benelux model appeared to be that Scandinavia should accept the rights of a Western alliance and tacitly reject its duties. Norway's then Foreign Minister, Hr. Lange, ridiculed the possibility of Scandinavian neutrality between East and West, and his reasoning on the matter was so forceful that he was able to carry all his Labour colleagues with him.

This unequivocal attitude of the Norwegian Labour Party towards the

Soviet Union is especially remarkable when we consider the somewhat lurid history of that movement. Having no Christian strands in its own make-up, no Catholic vote to propitiate and little chance of winning middle-class support, its policies for more than a decade were undistinguishable from Communism. In the early 1920's it had joined the Comintern, and the involvement of its rivals some years later in the jejune issue of prohibition provided a unique opportunity to press ruthless remedies for social ills. Yet, from a background so unpromising, a Socialist Foreign Minister was able, by the 1940's, to align his country clearly with the West.

Both in this victory, and also in the internal halting of Norwegian Socialism at the establishment of a Welfare State, outside observers are prone to attribute too much to a vaunted Scandinavian

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"moderation." The "Middle Way"—in philosophy, religion, politics—has always been a Swedish rather than a Norwegian concept, and it holds but a limited appeal for the people who, as early as 1814, could frame the Eidsvoll Constitution.

It was King Haakon who, perhaps following the example of George V in Britain, not merely tolerated the formation of Socialist administrations, but quietly taught his new Ministers to subordinate some party claims at least to the larger internal well-being and external prestige of their own country. When war came, and Norway was invaded, the success of this unifying mission was demonstrated to the fullest possible extent. Then, immediately, the King became for all but a contemptible fragment of his people a living symbol of the Norwegian will to freedom and independence throughout the ages. As the Nazis first tried to rule through Quisling, and later through a more respectable but still puppet Storthing, it became increasingly clear that they could not succeed, since legitimate Norwegian government was

inseparable from the Eidsvoll Constitution, and that in turn from the unique monarchy which it had evolved. Indeed, as the King resisted his enemies from Norwegian soil and then from his base in Britain, he became identified with an heroic past reaching back beyond the Danish conquest. Again, confronted after the war with the intransigence of Resistance groupings, it was the King's diplomacy which prevented their final hardening into polaric ideologies.

In Sigrid Undset's novel, *The Wild Orchid*, young Paul Selmer reflects sadly, as he watches Haakon's entry into Oslo in 1905, that it is unlikely the new King can really become a second Christian Frederik. Yet, during his fifty-year reign, that fear has been proved unfounded. What the King has done has been precisely to take up the work where Christian Frederik was forced by the Great Powers to lay it down—the work of sovereignty within the wholly democratic context of the Eidsvoll Constitution.

W. GORE ALLEN.

ORDEAL BY CONFERENCE

By DENYS SMITH

THE first post-war decade has witnessed a negative accomplishment by the West. With the U.S. as its main buttress it has become strong enough to repel aggression. It can therefore be concluded that aggression is unlikely to take place. Weakness no longer tempts an aggressor to snatch for the rewards of his strength, as the Japanese did when they attacked Pearl Harbour. The capacity for instant "massive retaliation," to use Dulles's often misunderstood phrase,

now exists. It took four years to create it after Pearl Harbour. A symptom of this accomplishment is the revived interest in a four-power conference with Russia, and still more the hope with which such a conference is approached. Some would add that even in Russia there must be a realization that atomic war is too terrible to contemplate. But one wonders whether this would be true if Russia alone had the capacity for atomic attack.

Ten years ago the Communist leaders

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took advantage of the fluid conditions left by the war, of the breakdown in the framework of the international community, of the illusions and false expectations of the war-weary public, to expand their power and draw one area after another into the Communist orbit. The pickings were easy. The Truman doctrine, the Marshall Plan and the North Atlantic Treaty combined with Europe's inherent recuperative powers to check Communist encroachment and stabilize the situation. In Asia the fluid post-war condition and the breakdown of the pre-war structure has lasted longer. The pickings in some areas there may still appear easy: war is not quite so remote, but the work of building strength proceeds.

The strength of the West is not only military. It is based on a sound and prosperous economy. Ten years after the first world war the West also seemed prosperous, but a year later the great depression started. However this time the economic faults committed after the first world war, the self-created weaknesses of the war debt—German reparations structure, have been avoided. On the positive side cushions against any "boom and bust" cycle have now been provided in the United States. All the indications point to a far less happy position behind the Iron Curtain where the heavy industries and agriculture are in obvious trouble. The Soviet Union and Communist China are not, like the United States, worried about the problem of disposing of huge surpluses. Their problem is shortages. The Communist leaders are realists. Though they may try to delude others they do not deceive themselves. Both Western strength and Eastern weakness must register for them the end of expansion by conquest. The Communist leaders may even realize that their power has become over-extended, as the Roman Empire was once over-extended; the

retreat from Austria suggests as much. The Communist problem is how to hold what they have or even withdraw from peripheral outposts without releasing them to the West. They can no longer capture, or even frighten and threaten, so they try to make neutral. At the same time they can seek to weaken the military alliances of the West, talk softly to the people to persuade them they need no longer carry their big sticks, and preach with sweet reasonableness the appealing doctrine of co-existence.

Last month (May) the Soviet Embassy circulated an article which had recently appeared in the Soviet press on co-existence entitled "Lenin's Principles of Co-existence of the Socialist and Capitalist Systems," which must have been intended as reassuring. It pointed out that "the great Lenin" discovered the "law" of inner capitalist weakness. This was, in brief, that there was no need to conquer capitalist nations since they were bound in the end to collapse. Hence "the transition to Socialism (i.e. Communism) on a world scale must not be envisaged as a single simultaneous act, but as a lengthy period of general crisis of the capitalist system, a whole era of great political and economic upheavals.

One can sum up the present situation by saying that a post-war epoch has come to an end. An epoch of intensified negotiation is in prospect. The West has built up its strength and the problem is now how to use it. There is nothing self-operating about strength. Building up power was a relatively simple process, for the end was clear. Using it not for war, but to promote diplomatic ends, is more complex and provides a great testing time, particularly for the United States, the chief source of Western strength. At this testing time United States policy seems to many people to be inept, fumbling,

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volatile and unpredictable. It is important to ask how much of this is appearance and how much reality. Communist policies may be equally fumbling, but they do not operate under the white light of free public comment and criticism. The grave question is whether the white light not only reveals, but distorts.

There are some features inherent in a free society which can lead to distortion. In the first place national policy is made in democratic countries by the party in power. The opposition party is looking for faults and may tend to magnify them or find them where they do not exist. This is not so serious internally where the circumstances are understood; but it is serious when the criticisms are picked up abroad and taken at their face value. Then again it is an unfortunate fact of life that the normal is not news. Basic agreements, things going well, are not worth reporting. Disputes over methods and detail, though minor, are. Another distorting factor, particularly applicable in the United States, is the existence of a corps of writers whose function is to give views, not news. Their task is not to describe what government policy is, but say what they think about it, what it might be or should be. They will collectively give one idea a run for its money, get bored with it and try another. The change in interpretation of policy can often be mistaken for a change in policy itself. In addition there is a kind of journalistic Gresham's Law, under which the more sensational interpretation drives out the more prosaic.

The Secretary of Defence, Charles Wilson, no doubt had some thought of this kind in mind when he told a Congressional Committee recently: "We have two tasks apparently in the Pentagon. One is to work hard at the job and get the right things done. The

other is to put out the fires caused by newspaper headlines." The Australian Ambassador in Washington, Sir Percy Spender, who was once in charge of his country's foreign affairs, dealt more fully with the problem of informed public opinion. He pointed out in a recent speech that it was inevitable in democratic countries that the methods and means of carrying out commonly accepted policies should differ and that these differences should be matter of public dispute and frequently be twisted in the course of such dispute. "Our potential enemies are able to adjust their tactics and their political strategy to reap the greatest harvest from the differences which the free world publicly and so often blatantly reveals." Instead of being conducted in a friendly and understanding manner these disputes over non-essentials were waged "sometimes in terms of political hostility, not always with proper regard for the truth, and sometimes with scant regard for the truth." Official statements on foreign policy made by Western spokesmen "are examined, as of course they should be, sometimes misinterpreted as they may always be (particularly when the official spokesman has failed to express clearly his own meaning), and not infrequently distorted as they never should be."

This official ambiguity, of which the Australian Ambassador spoke, is hard to avoid. When any Government spokesman has lived with a subject for days on end he is apt to assume a knowledge or understanding on the part of his audience which it actually lacks, to suppose that his statement will be interpreted in the context which he considers obvious, to forget that there may be some people who do not want to interpret it correctly. Then, when misunderstood, he will restate the position in new terms. But it would be against human nature for anyone reporting this

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to write: "Contrary to my earlier erroneous interpretation." He is more likely to write: "An abrupt change in Government policy was announced today," and another example of official vacillation is added to the charge sheet. The American Secretary of Defence, for example, speaking of the effect which the Formosa crisis would have on the American programme for reducing military expenditures, said: "This Formosa business is just a little ripple." Considered outside its context it seemed an astonishing, even shocking, judgment, so Wilson was forced to retract it and explain that he considered the Formosa crisis serious. Another cause for official ambiguity is the pressure from the press for an official statement before a subject can be fully considered. It is unfair of those who demand instant comment then to turn around and complain of shooting from the hip.

Here is a case history which shows how news can spring fully formed, like Venus, from the foam of conjecture. One of America's soundest commentators, Joseph Harsch of the *Christian Science Monitor*, wrote what is termed in the journalistic trade a "think piece" about the reduction in American ground forces. As an illustration he pointed out that the reduction would make it impossible for the Administration to put a couple of divisions on Formosa if they were needed there. He wrote: "If ground troops of the U.S. Army were put ashore in Formosa . . . there can be little room for doubt that it would be defended effectively. . . . Here is plainly a case where America can keep the peace by depriving the Communists from obtaining a prize without war." Harsch says that nobody "planted" the idea on him or suggested he write it. It came entirely out of his own head. But it interested other people. They discussed it with officials. Now in the give and take of

conversation, in batting an idea back and forth like a ball, it is often hard to remember who put it into play. It began to be spoken of as an idea current in official circles. Then a month or so later Admiral Radford and Assistant Secretary of State Robertson returned from discussions on Formosa shrouded in an impenetrable cloak of silence. Commentators, scratching around for something to say about the trip, seized upon the "troops on Formosa" idea. This would, they pointed out, make it clear to both Nationalist and Communist Chinese that the United States was serious about defending Formosa. It might even reconcile Chiang to the idea of losing Quemoy and Matsu. Robertson and Radford were "understood" to have discussed this with Chiang. The main trouble with the idea was that it ran exactly counter to the Administration's reasons for giving military aid to, and forming a defence treaty with, Chiang. This was that the Nationalists could provide the ground troops for the defence of an area useful to American security and save the United States from having to supply them. Nobody in the Cabinet had ever heard of the idea and Eisenhower, asked about it at his press conference, denied that such a plan had ever been recommended to him.

There was more similarity between the British and American attitude towards a Big Four meeting "at the summit" than some controversial accounts suggested. The two sides were engaged in castigating different straw men, not each other. The United States was objecting to a high level conference similar to those held during the war. It opposed personal diplomacy and the making of substantive decisions in a hurry by Heads of Government, which would only be revealed as they were carried into effect. It held that Foreign Ministers existed

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for the purpose of conducting foreign affairs. But British support for a meeting at the summit did not mean support for the conception America opposed. The British plan was for a general discussion which it would be made clear in advance was not intended to produce a blue-print for Utopia. Neither country wanted a meeting hastily entered upon, or one which gave no promise of success. Both agreed that once West Germany had formally entered the N.A.T.O. defence system a four-power conference could be held with some chance of success. The only real, and relatively minor, difference was over the American idea of using the prestige of

the Heads of Government at the conference's close to give impetus to agreements reached by the Foreign Ministers, so that the agreements would be carried into effect, and the British theory that their prestige could be more usefully employed at the start to give impetus to the negotiations themselves. Perhaps in this instance a little misunderstanding was a fortunate thing. It enabled both sides to think they had won a substantial concession; the U.S. that it had blocked the British plan for another Yalta, and Britain that it had overcome American opposition to a meeting at the summit.

DENYS SMITH.

BUDAPEST: PORTRAIT OF A FORGOTTEN CITY

By J. VIRAG

THE city has never been old. Once, long ago now, the Turks came and conquered; fastidiously, they planted their roses and brought their pretty nightingales; and along the river they built, for their cleanliness and godliness, steam baths and slender minarets. Then the tide of oppression ebbed, and the Turks went out of the country and the city, leaving behind them only their roses and their baths, for the nightingales flew to far-away woods, and the scattering of minarets, deserted by whatever angels or guardians they had, decayed and fell. Now after the rebellions and the wars, all that remains to remind Budapest of these years is the one coloured dome of the bath at the foot of the sheer hill of rock beside the Danube, and, in a wilderness of dilapidation, the dusty and desecrated tomb of Gul Baba, the

father of the roses. His turban still hoods the chiselled post beside his coffin, rather like a dirty bandage that has fallen from the index finger of a giant. Higher in the hills the roses bloom and blow in a diminished splendour, for now the Hungarians, in their more indolent way, choose to cultivate their tulips and waterlilies, letting the weather and the sun look after the flowers of their conquerors. The Turkish invasion is a vague dream. There have been other times of invasion and oppression, much more recent and much more cruel.

The Romans came too. Centuries before the Turks they built and ruled and departed, leaving grey beauty behind them in ruins. There is the Roman Museum among the debris of a city on the fringe of the town, crowded with broken pottery and worked stone;

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there is the groundwork of a theatre; the blind stumps of the amputated columns of the aqueduct which used to carry water from the Roman bath where a spring breathes through the middle of a shady pool; and the foundations of buildings, shoulder-high now and all running wild with the inconsequential beauty of flowers; and, brooding and gloomy under a shabby wooden shelter, there is the sombre stone of the Temple of Mithras. No one worships the sun there any more, though it is worshipped still beside the city's blue swimming pools, and along the green and gladed banks of the Danube. Further in, towards the heart of the present-day city, is the army theatre of the Romans. It is forgotten now except by escapading boys, and lies bleak and remote, like the cemetery of fabulous heroes.

The city will never grow old. Conquerors come, riding onwards across the Hungarian prairies like the hordes of Satan, looting and raping; and between wars, when only the wounded remember the bitterness of the defeat of arms, the chronic defeat of oppression creeps like insidious shadow among the gardens and the smoky cafés. East and West have so often met here and fought beside the waters of the Danube. Here, once, the Cross triumphed over the Crescent; here, where all gods and glories eventually suffer defeat and degradation, the Cross could challenge the hammer and sickle.

Budapest can never grow old and will never die. This place where the city has been built is too lovely for the vulgar armies of any nation to spoil. However devastation comes and buildings fall, people return; the city endures and will endure. The flames, the soldiers and the bombers will never utterly destroy.

Yet the Hungarians who embraced Christianity and tried to comprehend

and accept the softer Western culture they envied and coveted have never been one of the fortunate nations of the world. For them the sun is seldom shining, but always setting. After the flash of false glory their heroes have always toppled to failure in the cold light of the next day. The Hungarians never gain freedom from their own victories. As decadence and rot and defeat take the power from the oppressor in his distant capital, his satellites have to be tossed away. It is not freedom they gain; but simply that then the harness shifts.

Budapest has been dark with the smoke that has blown across the history of the Hungarian people. The chronicle of the last century is the pattern of all their history. In 1848 Petofi Sandor stirred the city to revolt, shouting his poems in the angry streets. He was a hero almost out of romance or fable, a wild impetuous boy, writing the rousing poetry of his cause and storming the Hungarian cities to tell them his message of freedom. He wrote:

One thought afflicts my soul with dread;
That I might snugly die in bed.

And he died, as he wished, in battle, fighting the Russians. Petofi's memory still blooms, his statues in the squares and gardens are still wreathed with anniversary flowers, his poems are still sung and recited in the halls and cafés of his city. But his rebellion failed.

The Hungarian people suffered then under the rule of the dancing Austrians, in their backward feudal way, until the First World War, when defeat set terror and poverty at the throat of Budapest. For the Hungarians the fangs of peace were just as sharp. The first Communist Government took control and the Red Terror ran wild, lashing the beasts of revenge, torturing and killing the aristocrats, who felt for the first time the bitterness of the hatred

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they had engendered by their privileged ignorance. The Red Government fell and the Rumanians advanced from their new towns in Transylvania. There followed the White Terror, with avenger and victim changing places.

In Budapest mankind is seldom at its most humane. By custom, revenge is always sought and always comes. Time is kind to murder and history sympathetic to the avenger, who only has to live long enough and wait long enough for his day of vengeance to dawn. Political revenge has become the normal custom of Budapest history; and the pattern of cruelty and torture and terror was repeated in the Second World War with the inevitable revenge this time coming, more ugly and intense than before, at the hands of the Russians.

Yet the Hungarian girls, as lovely as any in the world, who live through too much of such history, can laugh wryly now at their bad and brutal memories. It is curious that after so much of poverty and neglect they can still shine forth elegant and beautiful. Their story is confused and bitter. They lived for the months of their short war in cellars and shelters, hiding from, or willingly consorting with, Germans or Russians; but the truth of those days, good or bad, does not rise readily to their lips. Truth can be too dangerous, so they forget or will not remember; they smile and talk of to-morrow, and you make your own assumptions, knowing that the Hungarian women are the least reluctant in the world. Here everything you are told has its truth and everything has its proportion of lies. Here, more than anywhere, history is primarily your personal opinion. Here all the bad could be true and all the good could be true, just as you please. In this city of lies and rumour no man can ever really know how much another tells of the truth.

So history deals unkindly with Budapest. Flames and pain, destruction and savagery, are the memories its older people keep. Wars, here, are short and sharp and happen at home. Yet under the memories the atmosphere of the city must always be warm and animated; beneath the surface must always be that air of gaiety and friendliness, of suppressed talent and bubbling wit, whatever politics darken the country. Released for but a moment from the shadows of oppression that have always haunted them, the Hungarians are unable to curb their natural gaiety and restlessness. And over all the city is the music. . . .

To those who have no friendly or sympathetic interest in it, gypsy music suffers from the same defects and limitations as any other improvised or folk music; its tunes are all alike and its rhythms are monotonous. It is true, of course, that gypsy music is without much variation in its melodies, that it is improvised fiddling with cymbalom accompaniment, and that its form and rhythm are limited; but to say that is more of an attempt to define gypsy music than an original criticism. Because of these qualities it is an elegant accompaniment for romance and weeping, a music of love and tears; but it is also the music of a nation that has never had the blessing of freedom and is driven to find a compensatory freedom in the liberation of its emotions.

Like Hungarian wine, it is never at its best when exported, but at the highest skill of its players, gypsy music can provoke an unbelievable emotional experience. In the restaurant the dark-eyed violinist will play for you, smiling like china. The days have gone when the diner would paste a hundred-korona note on the violinist's forehead and tell him to play until it fell to the ground; the days when the band would receive a silver tea service instead

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of a tip, the days when only the aristocrats and the gypsy violinists were rich. Now he plays for you, and honey and sunlight will weep from his fiddle, and with the wine kindling dreams that dazzle you to incredible emotions, you are convinced that you are listening to the greatest violinist in the whole world; and your conviction remains with you until the next café and the next band. In Budapest every violinist is a king of the violin.

The city is still shabby. The war that left the city torn between two brutal armies has not yet been blown out of the streets. The dust of shattered buildings still dances along the winds of May, still spirals at corners in the heat of July and still falls with the falling leaves of autumn. There are the unknown and unmentioned dead beneath the streets, buried where they fell. Their names and nationalities are forgotten with their deeds and their ranks. But in the hills of Buda, by chestnut trees and lilacs, the white crosses over the graves bear their inscriptions: "Here lies an unknown soldier for whom somebody waits." These dead are not yet entirely forgotten.

The bridges that the Germans blew up as they retreated to the stone caves of the Buda hills have all been repaired except the graceful Elizabeth Bridge. That is as dead as the queen whose name it bears and whose statue, with a bullet hole in the heart, still looks out over the indifferent Danube. When, during that last bitter German retreat, they saw that bullet hole in the breast of the queen who had loved and befriended them, sad old Hungarians said their luck was gone, their whole world ended. And in a way they were right.

The city has no old buildings of any consequence, no vistas of memorial significance. There are but few historic places made sacred by the ghosts of

what they were. Yesterdays, like friends, have to be examined so that you know if they can still be acknowledged to-day.

Budapest was once a sort of provincial and backward Vienna, until the Hungarian talent and taste in music and entertainment made the barbaric province more exciting than the town. It is still a provincial city, startling with its contrasts of the elegant and the primitive, small by Western European standards, with wooden huts beside the new blocks of flats in the Pest suburbs and fantastic villas in the Buda hills. but although it is provincial, it is not a vulgar city.

Although the city is at its most beautiful at night (despite the blatant red stars of neon light that crown all Government buildings, breaking out symbolically with the dusk) the real glory of the city must always be its fortunate and enchanting situation on either side of the river—residential Buda rising in the hills, industrial Pest reaching out to glitter over the plain.

Had you ever walked the streets of Pest at any time you would remember how the lilac comes frothing over the garden walls. It is evening. The lights are blooming along the boulevards, the cafés wink and smile with customers, the music lulls and yearns along the warm velvet air. There is the tenseness of expectancy. The girls you pass, neat as kittens, are as lovely as the Budapest night. They walk with pride, for they are part of the restless gaiety of the city. Their charm and chic, as much as the music and cafés, are Budapest. The hot springs gasp up steam in the roadways near the zoo, swaying like warm ghosts in the twilight beside the flower-scented streets. There is a warmth, an essence, a memory of past music; and the beauty of the present. At night the city wears its atmosphere like a queen wearing her jewels.

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On the Buda side of the river there are the hills and fields and woods, miles of walks scattered with rural beer-gardens and summer villas, which are architecturally odd, since bedrooms seem to have been forgotten from their designs. At Aquincum, among the Roman ruins, you take your beer beneath the mulberry trees that trail caterpillars above you in the tantalizing breeze; or in the fields around you watch children collecting flowers, with the same enthusiasm that others reserve for postage stamps. Or you can walk with the people along the hillside glades, carrying sandwiches of white bacon or salami and paprika to eat with the national drink of white wine and soda water.

Budapest is a city without aristocrats. There remain no proud titles or ducal crests. In the furtive hole-and-corner antique shops you can discover silver spoons marked with coronets, and monogrammed linen. You can still discover sugar bowls with locks fixed on to them to prevent the servants from stealing the sugar; but now the sugar bowl locks are broken and those who once owned the keys have died in a lonely way or left the city—if they were lucky enough to leave. If they remain they wait and pray hopelessly, never knowing for what it is they pray. You can buy cutlery or Herendi china that once belonged to the count of some fabulous estate which has been confiscated. You can buy old peasant lace and beautifully embroidered blouses and coloured carvings. The decorations on the things you buy are sometimes slightly barbaric, slightly Eastern, as though some old ancestor moved in the hand of the man who wrought them. You can see forlorn countesses in sly corners selling for bread their last rings of rubies and opals, the dregs of their once fantastic fortunes. They do not want the rings and

the jewellery, for they have no future; only death can set them free.

But what of the people? In the end the beauty of a city is shallow and worthless against the happiness of its citizens. Their lives have not changed much.

Here are a people who ought to be gay. They are mildly sombre. Here are a people made for prosperity. They are terribly poor. (*A Wayfarer in Hungary*, George A. Birmingham.)

That was written in 1925. Alas, it is still very largely true.

Poverty . . . is one of the most striking features of Hungarian life; it is a Hungarian motif and one must always bear it in mind before forming a judgment on practically anything in the country. (*Hungarian Background*, Adam de Hegedus.)

That was written in 1937, and it is also true. And this :

At a casual glance it might have seemed that life went on there much the same as in other great European centres. One needed to look behind this façade to discover the truth about the dire poverty that existed beneath the attractive surface. (*My Campaign for Hungary*, Viscount Rothermere.)

Poor and gay; that is a fair judgment of its people. Because of their poverty over the years they have tried to escape from the barrenness of reality to a café life of dreams, which is particularly suited to their glittering talent for talk and wit, their predilection for restlessness and rumour. They love talking, they love the warm air and the open nights of summer, with the sound of violins not far away and a party of friends to argue with. There, in the smoky café, they love to dream of the freedom they have never known as though it can one day come, and there they sit sipping away their coffee and time, sipping away their lives.

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For the citizen of Budapest there is always the atmosphere of the Budapest night. His is a city where the standard of living is not merely a matter of figures and comparisons. Man does not live by politics alone. The sunshine, the music, and the spirit of the people all play their parts.

But the gaiety, like the poverty, although always present, is not for all. There must always be reservations and conditions. When Budapest was famed as a city of gaiety it was also known as a city of poverty and suicides. The song "Gloomy Sunday" was written and sung in these sunny boulevards beside the Danube. In those days, as now, the chief single interest of the people of Hungary was escaping from their country.

For some, for most, Budapest is a lovely city astride the Danube wearing its flowers and gardens with an air,

proud of its music and cafés, delighted with its lovely girls. For others:

One gets up every morning with an awful feeling, knowing full well that one will hear terrible news, streams of it. . . . One never knows when the police will knock. Whenever the bell rings the family exchange glances and wonder if they are seeing each other for the last time. . . . (*In Darkest Hungary*, C. Paloczy-Horvath.)

That was written after the Petofi revolt, over a hundred years ago. For some it is still true. For some in this city of so much beauty there can still be the brutal knock on the door in the small hours of the morning, when the body is cold and courage faint.

A city that has seen so much of the savagery of mankind will take long to exorcise all the ghosts of its cruelty and revenge.

J. VIRAG.

FIFTY YEARS AGO

THE NATIONAL REVIEW for June, 1905, contained an article by "A German Resident" entitled "Some Candid Impressions of England." The closing words foreshadow Munich, but they also reflect the German tendency (until recently, at any rate) to overlook certain latent qualities in the British race:—

As for your Empire, it appears to me unstable as a house of cards. A single hard push from a great Power would bring it down, because of the want of patriotism in your people. Would they sacrifice themselves in tens of thousands

to defend India? Would they suffer privation and want of food at home? You know they would want peace at any price, and your statesmen, judging from their recent record, would find humanitarian excuses for the most shameful of surrenders, and pretend that they had hoisted the white flag out of sheer magnanimity. Your power of self-deception at times approaches the marvellous; but, unfortunately for yourselves, you are not the only Power in the world, and there are nations on the Continent which are not deceived by your audacious make-believes but which see you as you really are.

BOOKS NEW AND OLD

A HAPPY MEMORY *

By ERIC GILLETT

THERE is only one man living who could do justice to the many-sided personality of Hilaire Belloc, and fortunately Mr. J. B. Morton has been impelled to write a "Memoir," which is not only his best book but also a model for any writer who tries his hand at this most difficult literary form. It gives an accurate portrait of a great man. Mr. Morton is never sentimental and always very fair, although there will be more than one critic to differ from his estimate that Belloc was the greatest writer of his day. Belloc's output was prodigious, though he wrote comparatively little poetry. He said that he wanted his verse to endure, but he thought that such a small output was against it. Mr. Morton is right when he says that he thinks Belloc's versatility has worked against him. People like specialization in a specialist's age. Someone once asked Belloc why he wrote so much. He replied, "Because my children are howling for pearls and caviar." Indeed, he was never rich, and he was forced to go on working in order to enjoy the kind of life he was accustomed to. In spite of this necessity the standard he maintained in almost everything he did is extremely high. If he felt strongly about a cause he would write an article or an entire series about it for one of his pet weeklies without taking a penny in return. He was a natural crusader and it was impossible to be in his presence for five minutes without realizing that he was also a great man. He could be formidable, as when he

said to Ramsay MacDonald, "Take care lest I make you immortal with an epigram." He hated pretentiousness. An American, lunching with him, expected that Belloc would hold his wine-glass up to the light, sniff, taste and go through all the prescribed rigmarole before drinking what he knew to be a *vin ordinaire*. In a horrified tone the American said, "Mr. Belloc! You! The great connoisseur! You! To gulp your wine like that!" His host was unrepentant. "It's all alcohol to me," was his comment.

Belloc was a disturbing person to have in one's home:

He would enter the house shouting: "My children, I must telephone. I can't eat anything except bread and ham. Or can I have eggs and bacon?" He always addressed a company, of whatever age, as "my children." He would be wearing a cloak over his black clothes, the pockets stuffed with

* *Hilaire Belloc. A Memoir* by J. B. Morton. Hollis & Carter. 12s. 6d.

Essays by Divers Hands. New Series. Vol. XXVII. Edited by Sir George Rostrevor Hamilton. Geoffrey Cumberlege, O.U.P. 12s. 6d.

Rossano. By Gordon Lett. Hodder & Stoughton. 12s. 6d.

Bavarian Fantasy. The Story of Ludwig II. By Desmond Chapman-Huston. Murray. 25s.

Salisbury Plain. (The Regional Books.) By Ralph Whitlock. Hale. 18s.

Lightest Africa. By F. Spencer Chapman. Chatto & Windus. 25s.

Shakespeare Survey 8. Edited by Allardyce Nicoll. 18s.

Ian Peebles on The Ashes, 1954-1955. Hodder & Stoughton. 12s. 6d.

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French and English newspapers, and in one of them a flask of port for the journey. Into this pocket he would cram his round felt hat. While waiting at the telephone he would tell some amusing story about a politician, or discuss some bit of verse he had lately composed. Then he would say, out of the blue, something like, "How do you suppose the Scandinavian pirates dragged their boats up the shingle?" and then develop his own theory.

He conducted his own life by a system of phone calls, telegrams, and letters that might have been the communications of the C.I.G.S. If a train was late he would sometimes wire his expectant host that he must expect him twenty minutes later than had been arranged. And when he arrived the glorious talk began. It was never a monologue. It was "rapid, and shot through with flashes of humour and with odd scraps of slang," like his prose.

It was Chesterton, his friend, who called Belloc an English poet but a French soldier, and it was Chesterton, too, who drew attention to the striking dissimilarity between the two of them. "I like gargoyles," he said, "and every kind of grotesque thing, whereas Belloc likes diagrams and military maps." About England and international affairs and religion they were in agreement.

As might be expected from his *Heroic Poem in Praise of Wine* Belloc relied on his own taste, drank what he liked, and not what one is supposed to like. At the end of his life he said, "There will be wine in Heaven." He had an extraordinary memory for out of the way places where he had enjoyed good food and drink. Like the Dutch he refused to eat mutton. There is a pleasant story of Belloc being driven along a French road by a young French staff officer on a cold

night. It was a remote part of the country with no houses in sight. "Are you fond of brandy?" Belloc asked. The officer was. "Very well," said Belloc, "turn left off this road in a quarter of a mile or so. We shall come to an inn of sorts, and there we will have some of the best brandy you ever tasted in your life." And so it was.

All his tastes were definite and he had no reticence in talking about them. He could be an embarrassing companion at the theatre, and Mr. Morton may or may not have known what he was in for when he persuaded Belloc to accompany him to a pantomime. The great man made no comment until a girl with a mass of long golden hair tripped on and began to sing. "She is Nordic," Belloc remarked, "and therefore possessed by devils." He could be just as emphatic in his praise. After the "willow-cabin" speech in *Twelfth Night* he startled some arty-crafty young women sitting nearby with "Yes, I've felt all that myself, but I never could express it so well."

As a travelling companion Belloc was a seasoned campaigner and every journey was the result of intensive staff work. He thought nothing of missing a meal or two if they interfered with his arrangements, and any friend with him was expected to do the same. On these tours Belloc composed some of his most charming verses such as the sundial epigram:

Here in a lonely glade forgotten, I
Mark the tremendous process of the
sky.
So does your inmost soul, forgotten,
mark
The Dawn, the Noon, the coming of the
Dark.

So much emphasis has always been laid on the "heartiness" of Belloc

A HAPPY MEMORY

and Chesterton, the open road, wine-drinking, song roaring for which a more anaemic age thinks they stood, that it may be surprising to learn that Belloc was an essentially melancholy person. He suffered many disappointments. After a brilliant Oxford career he might have expected a Fellowship, but he was never offered one. An early marriage and five young children compelled him to work at full stretch. Four years in the House of Commons gave him a disgust of public life. His wife and both his sons died. He was dismayed by the enormous increase of materialism and materialistic thinking he perceived all around him. He refused always to believe in Germany's change of heart. He feared what he called the "servile state" and he wrote against it with undiminished ardour. As A. G. Macdonell once said, "You may passionately disagree with what he says, but at least you know with certainty exactly what it is he is saying." He detested too the increase of noise, of ever growing cities, of more and more loud-speakers and other mechanical abominations. He joked about such things and could be entertaining about them, but the jokes that he made were bitter, and Monsignor Knox was right when he said in his memorial sermon, "The undercurrents of his mind were sad, and his face never looked happy in repose."

It is pleasant to think of Belloc in his prime entering with his swaying stride the Temple Bar restaurant. With Chesterton, also cloaked and sombrely dressed, the pair looked like two great black ships under full sail. There was an occasion, too, in the library of the Oxford Union. Later that evening Belloc was to speak on some remote campaign. For an hour or so he sat with books piled round him. On a half sheet of notepaper he jotted down

half a dozen words. The discourse that followed was of what Lord Curzon might have called unexampled brilliance, and as far as I can remember, the speaker did not refer to his "notes." His memory was exceptional, and when, in 1932, he suffered a temporary loss of it, he found it "dreadful." To him such a deprivation was bound to be a frightening thing. He wrote so much, depending upon his store of things learnt and experienced, that he feared the means of earning a living had left him. That was not to be until much later, and Mr. Morton gives a most moving account of the final years.

There are some words which Belloc wrote long ago in *The Path to Rome*, and as they seem to embody so well his attitude towards his fellow creatures, they shall end this notice, "Let us love one another and laugh. Time passes, and we shall soon laugh no longer—and meanwhile common living is a burden, and earnest men are at siege upon us all around. Let us suffer absurdities, for that is only to suffer one another."

The twenty-seventh volume of the new series of the transactions of the Royal Society of Literature is entitled *Essays by Divers Hands*. It has been admirably edited by Sir George Rostrevor Hamilton, and it contains nine lectures read to the Society. Reprinted discourses often make intimidating books, but this selection is fascinating for its variety and treatment. Miss Dorothy Margaret Stuart discusses the relations of the Society's founder, George IV, with poets. From most of them, including such uninspiring bards as Whitehead and Pye, the Regent received depressing, platitudinous tributes. When he was thirty-eight, 17 stone in weight, and about to be married, the euphemistic Pye apostrophized him as follows:

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O royal youth, a King's, a parent's pride,
A nation's future hope !

Wordsworth, in 1796, was much less complimentary, and Leigh Hunt was coyly facetious in his *Coronation Soliloquy*. Scott, the only poet who knew and liked the King, only referred to him twice, pleasantly enough.

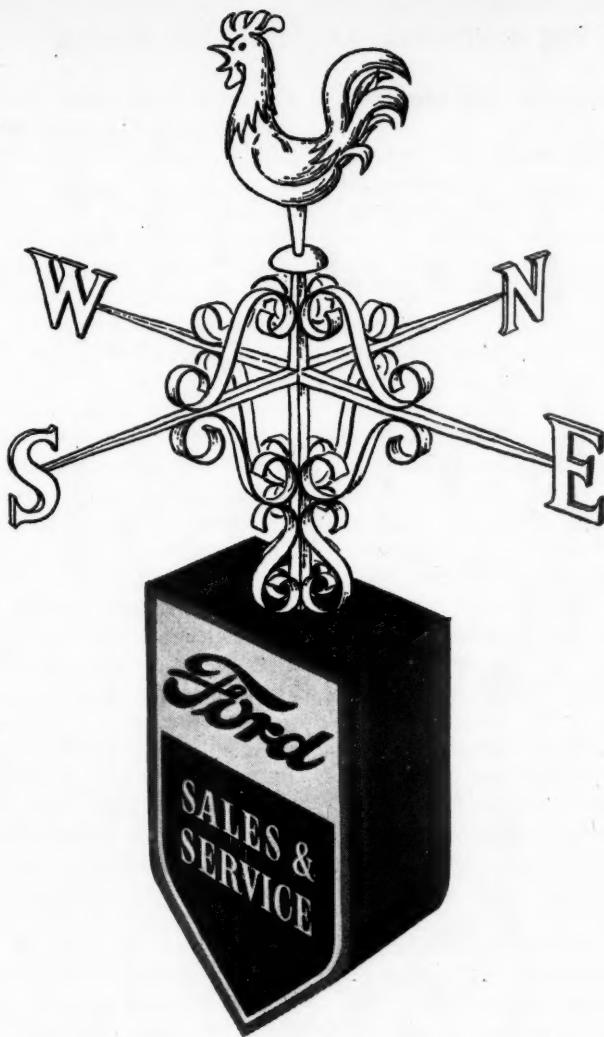
The most interesting thing in the book is Lord Birkenhead's fascinating account of the cruel childhood of Rudyard Kipling. It is an important piece of Kiplingiana. Altogether unexpected is the lecture by the second Earl Wavell on *Shakespeare and Soldiering*, given not very long before he died. He is particularly informative about the behaviour of the sentries in *Hamlet* and he regarded old Siward in *Macbeth* as the "perfect blimp." *Essays by Divers Hands* is a delightful book for dipping into.

Rossano tells the story of Italian partisans isolated in the mountains of northern Italy. Major Gordon Lett, the author, was taken prisoner in 1942, at the fall of Tobruk. After a year in unpleasant prison camps at Bari and Chieti, he escaped at the Armistice of 1943 and took to the hills, where he founded a force of international partisans. This is a story of great hardship, misadventure and courage. There were Italians at hand who did not scruple to betray their fellow countrymen and women to the Germans and their Fascist allies. There are anecdotes of almost unbelievable heroism on the part of peasants who had everything to lose by supporting the Allies. The best thing in the book is the description of the activities of Monsignor Giovanni Sismondo, Bishop of Pontremoli, whose resolute stand did much to obtain some approach to humane treatment from the enemy. Major Lett tells his story with modesty and gives little information about his

own part in it, but the affection shown him by his Italian comrades is clear proof that his work for them was fully appreciated. *Rossano* takes its place among the good and important books about the War.

There have been many books written about Wagner which introduce the enigmatic figure of King Ludwig II of Bavaria. The late Desmond Chapman-Huston died before he had completed his biography, *Bavarian Fantasy*, and it has been edited by Mrs. Osyth Leeston. Unstable, self-indulgent, morbid, with madness in his blood, Ludwig is, perhaps, better suited to clinical than to biographical treatment. Whatever the final verdict of posterity may be about him, one thing is certain. He recognized the genius of Richard Wagner and did an enormous amount to foster his creative genius and preserve it for future generations. This is a sad, and in some ways a repellent, story. The author decided to concentrate upon Ludwig's personality and destiny. He has deliberately etched in the historical background lightly and focussed his attention on what he describes as "a unique pathological case." Ludwig detested all forms of repression. He was an amateur of the arts, and the humanities. Before his mind began to fail he was broad-minded and tolerant. It is peculiarly ironical that less than sixty years after Ludwig's tragic death, Hitler, a loutish tyrant, was posturing in the Royal Bavarian town of Berchtesgaden.

The Ludwig-Wagner friendship is described in full and there is an extraordinary account of the King, towards the end of his life, living in surroundings of almost unbelievable luxury. *Bavarian Fantasy* is an apt title for a book which is, first and foremost, an account of a life lived largely in an illusory and haunted world. The author has made it all very readable,



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but it is an unpleasant and unedifying book.

I suppose that outside the works of Thomas Hardy, the classic account of life on Salisbury Plain appears in W. H. Hudson's *A Shepherd's Life*. In the admirable *Regional Books* series Mr. Ralph Whitlock has been chosen to write the book on *Salisbury Plain*, and as he was born there and has lived over forty years on the Plain he has every right to do so. It is not an easy subject because traces of ancient civilizations abound on those windy uplands, and it would not be difficult for the writer to find himself bogged down in history. Mr. Whitlock takes a middle path with great circumspection. He is not at all blind to the great set pieces, Stonehenge, Salisbury Cathedral and so on. He is most informative on Salisbury itself, ancient and modern. The great houses of the region are suitably commemorated and so are the little rivers beloved of anglers. I think, though, that Mr. Whitlock is on his own ground when he is talking about open country and about small villages such as Pitton, where he was born. *Salisbury Plain* is a most useful addition to the series, and it is a refreshment just to read the place names in the inserted map. The illustrations are as good as is usual in these *Regional Books*.

Among the growing band of people who move rapidly about the world and write books about it Mr. Spencer Chapman takes a very prominent place. He seems to be equally at home near the Northern Lights, on the Himalayas, or in the bandit-infested Malayan jungle. Having become the father of a family of three boys, ages varying from three to six, it occurred to him and his wife that unless they took a trans-continental trip at once, their sons' education would seriously hamper their travels.

To think was, with so energetic a wanderer, to act. Apparently without any forebodings Mr. Chapman bought an Austin motor van, fitted it up to accommodate the whole family, and started off from Cape Town on a trip which took them from the Cape, through Basutoland, Swaziland, right up the Belgian Congo to the Sudan, into Uganda, Kenya, and Tanganyika, and then down through Nyasaland, across Portuguese East Africa and the Zambezi, and on to Salisbury. There is not a word of comment on the numerous problems exercising the minds of politicians and others in the Union of South Africa. For this reason, among others, Mr. Chapman has called his book *Lightest Africa*, and it is a cheerful, day-to-day account of what seems to have been a pleasant trip with minor aggravations. Childish diseases, the petrol supply, food, and above all the wonderful opportunities the party had for photographing all kinds of wild life. The illustrations, many of them in colour, are reproductions of photographs taken by Mr. Chapman, and although it seems strange to say so in reviewing a book by this writer, they are the best thing in a light-hearted, readable book.

Shakespeare Survey for 1955 is the latest of these volumes edited by Professor Allardyce Nicoll. The editor points out that Shakespeare's comedies have received far less critical and historical attention than the tragedies and historical plays. The present book offers a survey of writings on the theme since 1900, an essay on the language of the comedies, several appreciations of individual plays, and two articles on production problems. The learned contributors have managed to be most readable and lucid. Almost any reader who enjoys the plays will find something to interest him here. Mr. Tyrone Guthrie shows how the

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enterprise of a young Canadian put Stratford, Ontario, on the map as a Shakespearean festival town. Sir Barry Jackson brings years of practical experience to his entertaining *Producing the Comedies*, while Miss Ngaio Marsh turns from corpses to comedy in her "Note" on a New Zealand production of *Twelfth Night*.

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ERIC GILLETT.

A NEW *DE PROFUNDIS*

THE MEASURE OF MY DAYS. By Sarah Gertrude Millin. *Faber and Faber*. 21s.

SARAH GERTRUDE MILLIN is the best-known writer in South Africa; the natural successor to Olive Schreiner though the two differed diametrically on many issues still vital to-day. This book is her Testament, but in it, in spite of many references to her own work, she writes not mainly as an author but as a widow. She has produced a *De Profundis* such as many widows must have wished to write but no other, so far as I know, has written.

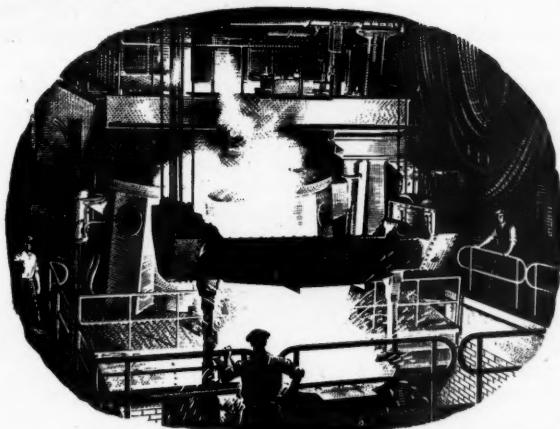
This candid study of widowhood and its consequences is completely unsentimental. It makes no pretence of finding noble compensations when the author knows that for her there are none. She does not believe in a God, or in any kind of personal survival. For her, the husband and lifelong companion whom she loved just ceased to be. He died on the Bench, in the midst of performing a public memorial ceremony, because no doctor had told him or her about the real state of his heart.

"There he was, at one moment the Hon. Mr. Justice Millin, and the next, poor lifeless Philip Millin, my poor Phil, fallen, finished, nothing, ended, and I his relict."

The whole book, though South Africa and its personalities provide a rich backcloth, is a threnody on this theme. One might suppose that such a work would be depressing. On the contrary, it is exceedingly stimulating. The reader wants to argue with the author in every other paragraph; to say: "Even if you deny the existence of a Power outside your dominant, preoccupied self, don't you believe in *anything*? not in human compassion, nor in the strange exaltation which can come, when suffering is all but intolerable, from finding someone to serve whose situation is even worse?"

Defiantly she answers "No. I suppose I ought to go in for good works, but good works bore me, and they do something to the voices of good workers which suggests

An electric arc furnace by Birlec Ltd.—and AEI.
The furnace shown requires electrical power of 15,000 kVA—
sufficient to supply a town the size of Harrogate.
It is one of the largest in Western Europe.



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A 7 cu. ft. refrigerator by Coldrator—and AEI.
This refrigerator is shown in a kitchen equipped and
designed by Hotpoint.

In the steel works molten metal flows from the furnace. In the kitchen the food is cold and fresh from the refrigerator. Electricity is serving man. There is a connection between these events, for the power is harnessed more effectively by equipment built by AEI Companies.

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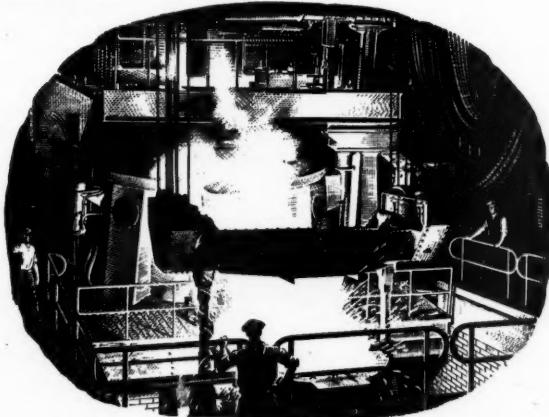
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THE NATIONAL AND ENGLISH REVIEW

a weariness within—a warning against good works."

Reluctantly, the reader agrees. The moment that human service becomes "good works" or "causes" in the doer's eyes it is damned, and has no power to bring a healing diversion into days made empty by sudden tragedy.

"At six in the morning I have two or three cups of tea and read the morning paper. I then write this book. I then have tea again. I then have tea again. . . . After lunch I take the dogs for a walk, and then I write some more. I lie down. Tea comes. . . ."

"But," cries the reader, guiltily conscious of approaching exasperation, "can nothing lift you out of that spiritual abyss?"

And again the writer, in effect, says "No. Not anything. I will help myself or die in the attempt—like Phil."

In and out of this extraordinary diary of widowhood comes the story of Sarah Millin's life with her husband—now, as she would call it, "diminished," but once so rich. It is a chronicle of marriage, a memory of affectionate comradeship which keeps her obstinately vital in spite, or perhaps because, of persistent insomnia. But she is not grateful—not even for the happy years and the memories. Day in, day out, she fights her angry duel with fate.

This rage of grief is not really surprising, for Philip Millin was a rare person. Incidentally, almost casually, she draws her picture of the quiet, dependable man whom she is determined that the world shall remember.

"How safe I felt as his wife, under the protection of his calm, judicial mind. Now I have to depend on this tired, overwrought brain that gets no rest."

Philip, she tells us, was not made a Judge so soon as they expected, because "the Nationalists . . . thought him too liberal on the native question, or again, because he was a Jew."

It was General Smuts, the idealist with a streak of clay, who at first let Philip Millin down. In those Hitlerite days from which South Africa, almost alone among

the nations, has never recovered, Smuts feared his country's anti-semitism, but hoped to throw the onus on Mrs. Millin, who had just written his biography which might make her husband's promotion appear inequitable. Much of *The Measure of My Days* concerns her long if chequered friendship with Smuts, which continued till his death. There are portraits too of Hertzog and Hofmehr, and a grimly fantastic description of a nightmare visit to Israel.

Though periodically one gives up the author in despair, this is a brilliant and remarkable book. Fierce emotions rend her and it; she hates the Germans and despises the Africans. Her husband once said to her: "You feel so much more intensely than most people, and particularly me." She adds: "It was not a fact that I felt more intensely than Phil, but I could release my feelings and he could not. And so he is dead, and I remain to tell it."

Here lies the explanation, and justification, for this drastic autobiography. In Somerset Maugham's novel, *Cakes and Ale*, the teller of the story reflects on the sole compensation of a writer's life.

"Whenever he has anything on his mind, whether it be a harassing reflection, grief at the death of a friend, unrequited love, wounded pride . . . in short, any emotion or any perplexing thought, he has only to put it down in black and white . . . to forget all about it."

I doubt whether Mrs. Millin has "forgotten all about it," or ever will, and I am sure that she has not freed herself from her all-absorbing sorrow. But in telling "not only of my life, but of his life; and of our life together," she has found sufficient release to give her a purpose in living.

"For myself," she concludes, "there is only one consolation, and that is the truth. . . . The truth is one's experience of the truth."

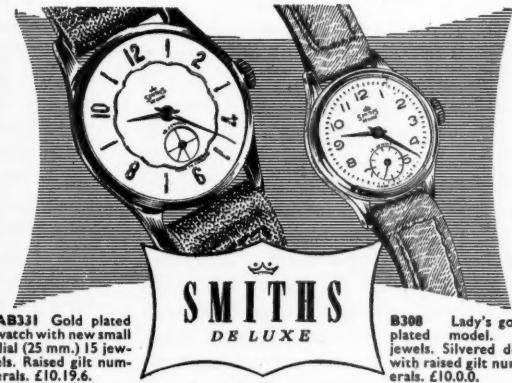
Her steady refusal of all other consolations may be a form of spiritual pride, but it has a bleak magnificence.

VERA BRITTAINE.

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Armand and Michaela Denis, the explorers and producers of T.V. adventure films, use Smiths de luxe watches on their African Expeditions.

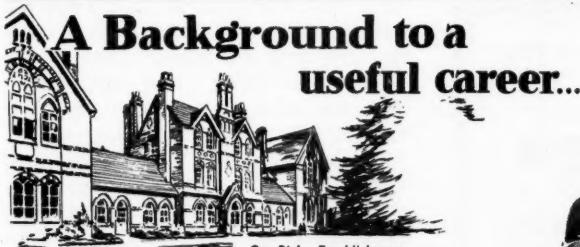


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THE NATIONAL AND ENGLISH REVIEW

SMUG AND SILVER TRENT
THE RIVER TRENT. By J. H. Ingram.
Cassell. 16s.

M R. INGRAM makes the bold claim that he has written the first book to be wholly devoted to the River Trent, but to the best of my knowledge it is quite justifiable. When we consider that the literature of the Thames would fill a large bookcase, this neglect of England's third longest river seems extraordinary, but on reflection it is not inexplicable. A belt looped about England's waistline beneath the Pennine backbone, except to those living on or by her waters, Trent has signified merely a convenient geographical—and in times past a political—boundary line. "South of the Trent," "North of the Trent," and what a world of difference has lain between! Moreover, the river flows through a part of the Midlands which, to the southerner hurrying along its bleak main roads and through its dour, uncompromising industrial towns, seems

pre-eminently to justify Belloc's epithet: "sodden and unkind." Yet, as this book reveals, it is far otherwise. By counting the little-prized riches that Trent and her many tributaries have strung upon their threads Mr. Ingram has rendered the Midlands good service, and those who read him must surely cease to look upon the Vale of Trent merely as a hinterland lying on the way to somewhere else.

Having said this, however, the question remains whether this book really earns its title or whether it should not have been more properly called *Trent Country*. Although the author gives us many facts about the river and describes his journey by motor barge from Nottingham to Hull, somehow he failed to evoke for this reader the spirit of the Trent. Admittedly it would be difficult, for unlike the rivers of the hills these great slow-moving streams of the Midland plain do not babble their charms abroad. And yet each one has its own distinctive character to those who know them, hard though it may be to capture it in print. Both the past and the present of a river must be studied minutely through the eyes of a waterman before that character will begin to reveal itself, whereas Mr. Ingram writes primarily as a landsman, telling us too little of the Trent and the waterways, natural and man-made, with which it is associated, and using it instead as a connecting thread for his descriptions of the towns and country on its course.

There is no mention at all of the Humber Keel, that amazing square-rigged survival of the vessels of the dark ages, or of its much bigger brothers the Lower Trent boats, which sailed between Hull and Newark, where cargoes had to be transhipped into the smaller Upper Trent boats. The latter carried a greater tonnage per inch of draught than any other regional type. This was occasioned by the unusual difficulties of navigation which persist to a lesser degree to-day but which Mr. Ingram does not explain. Nor does he tell us anything of those bygone yards at East and West Stockwith, Misterton and Butterwick where not so many years ago these stout Trent ships were shaped

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Although Brindley's Trent and Mersey canal is mentioned, the way the Trent valley determined the inland waterway system of England is insufficiently stressed. Brindley's aqueduct over the Dove below Burton, once acclaimed as a wonder of the age, receives a bare mention, while his Trent aqueduct at Great Haywood is not mentioned at all. Yet these, together with the third aqueduct at Brindley's Bank, which is illustrated, were as great achievements in their day as Telford's later work in iron on the Welsh Border and with the disappearance of Brindley's first aqueduct at Barton they have become unique. The Soar Navigation is referred to as a canal, while there is no reference to the ancient Leicester and Swannington Tramway, to which this navigation gave birth and which was destined to grow into a great railway system. The old junction of the Derby canal with the river at Swarkestone, the Erewash Canal and the Grantham Canal, which makes its shy entry into the Trent at Nottingham, are all ignored. All these were born of the Trent, became its trade tributaries and thus played a much more important part in its history than many of the places which the author describes.

These descriptions are not free from words and phrases — "old world," "quaint," "picturesque," and so on—which have bedevilled topographical writing for years and which, if they ever possessed any precision, have been worn so smooth by over-use that they have grown utterly meaningless. It is absolutely true of the topographer's art that it is "emotion recollected in tranquillity." He must be moved by what he sees and thereafter, in the recollection, seek with patience for the words which will give that emotion its true voice. But alas, the spare-time writer to-day finds that spare time growing less and less while necessity drives the professional increasingly hard. There is no tranquillity in which to seek the exact image; instead the ready-made clichés run as easily as ink from the pen and what might have been good literature becomes journalism.

Rebecca West

A TRAIN OF POWDER

Rebecca West, who has been described by *Time Magazine* as 'indisputably the world's No. 1 woman writer', here probes beneath the surface of events and personalities to reveal the truth of the Nuremberg trials, the Berlin blockade, a lynching trial in South Carolina, the Setty-Hume murder case, the trial of William Marshall. *Book Society Recommend.* 21s.



The Story of F.A.O.

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A clear and absorbing account of what the Food and Agricultural Organization of the United Nations has done, and the success which has attended its efforts to date. The author has from the outset been in charge of F.A.O.'s operations in the United States. *Illustrated.* 48s.



Margaret Kennedy's

new novel

THE ORACLES

A witty and spirited story about a young married couple who live in a country town and have to cope among other things with the strange activities of a group of provincial intellectuals. *Book Society Recommend.* 12s. 6d.

MACMILLAN

Mr. Ingram could, I feel sure, do better than this if he would only destroy his old topographical phrase book. As it is, even though he has not said the last word on the Trent, his book is easy reading and contains much of interest, particularly on the source of the river on Biddulph Moor and on the Humber mouth where its waters meet the North Sea. Moreover, he has been excellently served by his publisher. Beautifully produced with two clear maps and a set of photographs which could scarcely be bettered, *The River Trent* is very remarkable value indeed at the price.

L. T. C. ROLT.

Novels

- THE ACCEPTANCE WORLD. Anthony Powell. *Heinemann*. 12s. 6d.
 THE SLAUGHTERHOUSE INFORMER. Edward Hyams. *Longman*. 12s. 6d.
 THE SINGULAR HOPE. Elizabeth Sewell. *Chatto*. 12s. 6d.
 MRS. AMARIS. Jean Ross. *Hutchinson*. 10s. 6d.
 SCALES OF JUSTICE. Ngaio Marsh. *Collins*. 10s. 6d.
 HALFWAY TO MURDER. Simon Troy. *Gollancz*. 10s. 6d.
 PYLON. William Faulkner. (The Collected Edition.) *Chatto*. 8s. 6d.

THE Acceptance World, the third volume of Mr. Anthony Powell's *roman-fleuve*, is the world of the thirties. It is described by one of the characters as a world in which "the essential element, say, happiness, is drawn from the engagement to meet a bill." The size of the bill had not then been revealed : in this book we have the thirties in their more ludicrous aspect. The approach of middle age shows the young men we met in the earlier novels still trying to enjoy life and also to maintain face. In this last activity they now present the appearance of a Lost Tribe, whose habits Mr. Powell studies with the loving scrutiny of an anthropologist expounding a cult which he has discovered. Some-

where in the book it is observed that among the English all classes communicate by irony and understatement. Mr. Powell is a master of this technique, which, in the particular class he surveys, has been carried to heights of ritual utterance. The incidental wit of the book is superb; its tension inevitably fluctuates —this, after all, is but a section of these lives—its net effect is hard to define. Perhaps, at this stage, one should not attempt to define it in terms of social history or as a novel of character acting on circumstance. As a comedy of manners it is triumphantly self-supporting.

Mr. Edward Hyams does not deal in irony and understatement: his wit is vigorous and ebullient. Few writers of recent years have given me more pleasure than the author of *Sylvester* and *Gentian Violet*. *The Slaughterhouse Informer* is, as its name suggests, a small rural paper dealing with activities in the slaughterhouse world; an old-fashioned and unremunerative property. Three impresarios of letters and politics get the idea of turning it into a nation-wide seller: "the *Slaughterhouse Informer*, the *Angry Man's Paper*, there are more angry people in Britain than anywhere else in the world." By persuading eminent people to ventilate their grievances (for nothing); by "exposing" vice and rackets while propagating the ideas; by trading on every known human weakness and, finally, by staging a competition to end all competitions—a beautiful girl complete with dowry as prize—they succeed in frightening everybody, including the Government and the Press Lords, and, finally, in disposing of the goodwill of the paper for a large sum. The book sometimes gets a little breathless with its own ingenuity and it nearly made me breathless too through laughter.

The Singular Hope is the story, always touching, of a young girl growing up, and in this case the girl is physically handicapped. It is part of Miss Sewell's very delicate treatment that this aspect is never unduly stressed, although nearly all the action takes place in a school where they deal with "such cases." Joan is fifteen,

the only child of a clergyman who has remarried; her loneliness is acute and she turns this way and that seeking reassurance and love. A male cousin, a contemporary of her father's, takes an interest in her out of kindness and gradually his visits and their excursions become the most important element in Joan's life. The delicate relation is disrupted, the claws of scandal reach out, yet in the end, out of admonition and loss, the girl manages to wrench something, the "singular hope" of the title, the hope of loving and being loved. A novel of great perception, compassion and purity.

Miss Jean Ross has always impressed me as a writer who is better than her material, which is often frankly novelettish. She has the natural gift of making a character spring to life, though she often throws the character away afterwards. In *Mrs. Amaris* she takes a woman who might easily be a figure of fun, an impoverished middle-aged widow with a shrouded past and a taste for the occult, and makes you believe that this woman has some "secret of living" which sets her apart from the rest. Sweeping away the cherished English belief that the Scots are not snobs, we are shown Mrs. Amaris and her son and daughter transplanted from a dingy Edinburgh lodging to a small stuffy rural community where they obviously won't fit in. The ensuing complications are comic and pathetic and if one feels that all the aces are up the writer's sleeve for Mrs. Amaris and that everybody else gets a poor deal, one is somehow glad of it.

What a pleasure to read once again an outstandingly good English detective story like *Scales of Justice*! A crotchety reviewer might complain that the scene and the characters are all "unconventionally conventional" as somebody says in the book, but they are presented so firmly that they compel belief. For her eye-witness of this story of a very complicated murder in the idyllic village of Sweenenings, Miss Marsh has had the inspiration of choosing the District Nurse—kind, garrulous and intelligently aware of everything that is going on. It is true that the inhabitants of Sweenenings have more than the usual



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THE NATIONAL AND ENGLISH REVIEW

rural allowance of dottiness; it is true that Chief Inspector Alleyn wears, without undue modesty, the Old Club Tie of the Aristocratic Detectives founded by the Queens of British Detection. But how superb is the technique; the manipulation of clues, the switching of suspicion, the interplay of tension and the highly ingenious, but I'm sure watertight, mechanics of the solution!

It was a little hard on Mr. Simon Troy that I had to read his *Halfway to Murder* after Miss Marsh's masterpiece. Mr. Troy's collection of eccentrics assembled to hear the testamentary depositions of an octogenarian do not compel belief for a moment, but they provide a lot of fun. There is a delightful cops-and-robbers interlude in a deserted grange at midnight and a description of Liverpool Street Station which went straight to my heart.

Messrs. Chatto and Windus have now put William Faulkner's *Pylon* into the Collected Edition. First published in 1935, and perhaps a by-product of the chaotic social conditions produced by the American Depression, it is the story of a stunt airman flying gimcrack planes in cheap circuses for cash, his parachute jumper, the woman who lives with both of them and the child who may belong to either of them. It is ugly and violent; made bearable on the literary level by the author's frightening power of visual and verbal reporting which compels you to share the experience; made bearable on another level by his conviction that every man's life matters, even lives like these.

RUBY MILLAR.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

IT is strange that no full biography of William Cecil, first Lord Burghley, had been written before the recent appearance of *Mr. Secretary Cecil and Queen Elizabeth* (Cape, 40s.), by Conyers Read, a former President of the American Historical Association. It covers the first forty years of Cecil's life, and a second volume is to complete the work. The author is clearly engrossed in his subject and the

book is likely to be useful to students. The rather pedestrian style may prove a handicap to the general reader.

* * *

A member of the small group of Anglican clergymen who compiled the report entitled *The Problem of Homosexuality*, Dr. D. S. Bailey's special task was to investigate the Biblical and historical material bearing on the subject. As the result of these researches he has written *Homosexuality and the Western Christian Tradition* (Longmans, 15s.). This is a learned, well-balanced work, and the author's final chapter is of real importance and relevance to-day.

* * *

A little unexpectedly Mr. Kenneth Tynan appears as a victim of *Bull Fever* (Longmans, 18s.). It seems that the arena and the stage are his two obsessions. There is much clever and some affected writing here. I prefer to read the eminent musical critic, Mr. Neville Cardus, when he is enthusing about cricket. There are resemblances of method and Mr. Tynan manages to bring in Tchekov and *Charley's Aunt*.

* * *

Mr. Noel Barber is a journalist who seems to enjoy flitting from continent to continent to find material for a weekly newspaper column. *Strangers in the Sun* (Bles, 16s.) shows that he has the true trick of the expert for unearthing fresh and unexpected subjects.

* * *

The Twentieth Century Capitalist Revolution (Macmillan, 8s. 6d.), by Professor Adolf A. Berle, Jr., is based on the Rosenthal Lectures for 1954. It is a study of the corporation as a semi-political institution.

* * *

Mr. Wilfred Pickles has been greatly daring in his latest venture, an anthology of poetry and prose of the northern counties, *My North Country* (Allen and Unwin, 16s.). This is a personal choice and a very good one. Foreigners from the south should approach it with respectful

Books in Brief

caution as it bristles with dialect. I enjoyed it very much indeed.

* * *

The new revised edition of *Wales for Everyman* (Dent, 7s. 6d.) is a most admirable practical and historical guide, compact and handy. There are eight maps in colour and Mr. H. A. Piehler has compressed an enormous amount of useful information into 240 pages.

* * *

In *Leopard in My Lap* (W. H. Allen, 16s.) Mrs. Michaela Denis tells the story of seven safaris, undertaken with her husband, who is one of the best photographers in the world. The book is unpretentious, the illustrations magnificent.

* * *

Gypsies have fascinated more than one writer since Borrow, and with the help of some good sketches by Mr. Peter Emmerich, Mr. Rupert Croft-Cooke has written some effective essays and short stories about them in *A Few Gypsies* (Putnam, 12s. 6d.).

* * *

Mr. William Plomer does not write enough verse. His new collection, *A Shot in the Park* (Cape, 7s. 6d.) contains some excellent ballads, a parody of Hardy, and a most effective piece, after Betjeman, *The Bungalows*.

E. G.

Motoring

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THE NATIONAL AND ENGLISH REVIEW

admiration, and others again which I would describe as controversial: it is certainly not a car which can be viewed indifferently.

Probably one's strongest impression is of the remarkable results which are attained by means of a high power-weight ratio. The engine is a large one, of more than 4 litres capacity; it is a 6-cylinder unit with overhead valves, and it develops 116 b.h.p. with very great smoothness and apparent ease. Even if the car had massive coachwork, this would ensure a good performance; but in fact the coachwork, although luxurious, is reasonably compact and light. The direct result of this is that the Super Snipe, while providing every sort of comfort and convenience, comes into the sports-car class where hill-climbing and acceleration are concerned.

This car will climb almost anything in top gear; yet the gearbox is intended to be used, and the surge of power when it is

used is most impressive. A speed of 70 m.p.h. can be reached in third gear, and a good 90 m.p.h. in top. The comfortable top-gear cruising speed is around 70 m.p.h.—and speeds of this order do not entail excessively high "revs," since the top gear ratio is 3·7 to 1. In short, the Super Snipe may be classed as a really fast car.

The gearbox has one feature which is wholly excellent; it does not begrudge us the aid of synchromesh, even for bottom gear. Admittedly it is a rarity, with a car of this power, to require to engage bottom gear while on the move. It might not happen more than once in a day's run; yet how pleasant, when that one occasion occurs, to be able to snick into first just as easily as into any of the other gears. When one comes to think of it, it is illogical to have a gearbox which is three parts synchromesh—although nowadays this is very nearly the rule. It is more rational, as with the Humber, to have the synchromesh lending its aid on any and every occasion, so that the driver may use an average level of skill throughout the day with uniform results.

Having described the Super Snipe as a fast car, it follows that first-rate brakes are a necessity. The Lockheed hydraulic system is used—and one need scarcely say more, for this braking system has been in use for many years, and most motorists know it as one that is highly effective, while possessing a natural tendency to operate both smoothly and with even power on all four wheels. There are other good systems; but it would be hard to name one which is superior to Lockheed.

When we come to the springing, we find one of those features which I would term controversial. Everyone appreciates a car which rides easily over roads good or bad, having resilient springs which cushion the passengers from jolts and jars. If, therefore, resilient springing is good, may we not argue that very resilient springing is better and ultra-resilient springing best of all? The Humber engineers appear to have worked on these lines; for they have succeeded remarkably in causing the Super Snipe to float over the road—its very large, very low-pressure tyres and



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independent front springs almost wholly absorbing the road shocks. There is no disagreeable pitching—merely (on an undulating surface) a gentle motion such as a boat might make in breasting a very slight swell.

Some will argue, however, that there is an optimum softness of springing, and that here we have gone beyond the optimum towards that sort of springing which makes children car-sick. One can indeed envisage the floating motion having this effect. It is not every driver, moreover, who likes to be so completely cushioned from the "feel" of his front wheels: such insulation creates a sensation of "remote control."

The steering may give rise to rather similar controversy. We all appreciate light steering—and a low steering gear ratio makes for lightness. May we infer that still lower geared steering makes for still greater lightness, and therefore pleases the motorist more? Again, some will reply that there is an optimum, and that if you gear it down below that optimum, your steering achieves lightness at the expense of being tiresome.

The same sort of problem arises in another form if (as in this case) very large, soft tyres are fitted to the front wheels. The steering is shock-free, but the car will tend to lean against its soft front tyres before it begins to respond to the steering—and thus the driver will have the impression, however unjustly, that the steering mechanism does not operate with true precision. In this connection, I must say that I myself am not able to endorse the statement in the Super Snipe brochure as to "the feeling of complete road mastery as you sit at the wheel." On twists and turns, at any rate, I felt that my road mastery was somewhat dubious.

Turning from the controversial front end of the car, one can say with confidence that the coachwork will be widely approved. The saloon lent to me had independent front seats (an optional extra), and thus, with centre arm-rest at the rear, was basically a four-seater. It would be hard to imagine a more luxurious four-seater, for the foam-rubber cushions,

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THE NATIONAL AND ENGLISH REVIEW

upholstered in leather, are ideally comfortable, and there is enough space even for a quartet of 6-foot passengers. The front seats are adjustable to suit the individual; but, when these are aligned together, the car is wide enough to take six people of moderate girth. All sit within the wheelbase, and thus there is space enough at the back for a luggage boot of more than average size.

In many respects, if not in all, the Super Snipe is thus a car which should lend itself admirably to long-range touring. The passengers, being in no way cramped or restricted, should find it easy to repel fatigue, while the high cruising speed already noted is just what is required for the long, straight stretches of, let us say, a Route Nationale. One can imagine, in such circumstances, a very high average speed being maintained, and a very high mileage being recorded for the day's run.

When one considers the car in this rôle, one must admit that it is by no means highly priced at a basic figure of just under £1,000. Regarding this as being perhaps the equivalent of a pre-war £500, it is instructive to ask oneself what £500 car of 1939 had so vivid a performance, combined with so high a level of internal luxury. Unhappily, to the doubled post-war price we have to add the Purchase Tax of some £400, making roughly £1,400 in all. To be exact (and I often wonder why manufacturers find it necessary to be exact to the last tiresome tenpence) the standard saloon model is listed at £1,396 10s. 10d.

CARDIGAN.

Financial

MARKET REVIEW

By LOMBARDO

SO much has happened since the May issue of the *Review* was published that it seems very much more than the four or five weeks since I last reviewed the state of the stock markets. The Election has come and gone, and a dock strike and a rail strike have come and are still with us. When I last wrote there had been little time to consider the Budget, the Press strike had only just ended and the Local Election results had not been followed by the first public opinion polls.

The Press strike had meant a considerable diminution in business and more or less static markets owing to the fact that most of the investors had to rely on their brokers for day-to-day reports of market prices and trends. The *Financial Times* Index of Industrial Ordinary Shares stood at 188.7 on Budget Day, and after the County Council election results were known, the rise in share prices continued with only minor setbacks until the result of the General Election was known.

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MARKET REVIEW

Among the leading shares, both for intensity of activity and increase in prices, were the de-nationalized steel stocks. As investors became more and more disposed to assume a Conservative victory, so the prices moved up; buyers grew more and more bold in their determination to ignore the possibility of re-nationalization. For example, Stewarts and Lloyds on May 18 were 56s. 3d., but on May 25, the day before polling day, they had risen to 58s. 9d. By the close of business the following day they had risen to 67s. On the 12½ per cent. dividend the yield on the Wednesday was £4 5s. 1d.; by the close of business on the Friday the yield was 3·7 per cent.

Although the threat of a rail strike had been hanging over the country for some time, it appeared that investors were inclined to think "it cannot happen here" and buying was fierce throughout Friday May 27. The difficulties of the Whitsun week-end, caused by the application of the strike notices on Saturday night, must have caused many investors to wonder whether they had paid too much for their steel stocks—at least on the shorter view. On the last day of the month the *Financial Times* came out with a three-column headline indicating that the railway strike would probably cause steel works to come to a standstill, and that dislocation of supplies of raw materials might cause many factories throughout the country to close. Stewarts and Lloyds, which had closed on Friday at 67s., opened at 65s.; and although some optimistic investors came in to buy at that level and pushed up the price slightly during the day, the closing price was the same as the opening.

This brief story of the behaviour of the leading steel stocks is an indication of the general behaviour of the market in the last two weeks. The trend was substantially supported by a new feature. This was heavy and sustained buying of certain of the leading equities on orders from America. The reason apparently lay in the fact that the American yield basis has grown so thin that investors across the Atlantic came to the conclusion that the comparable British equities lagged suffi-

ciently far behind for them to pay considerably more than the ruling prices and still show a better yield than comparable equities on Wall Street.

Imperial Chemical Industries was a typical example, since prices of similar chemical companies in America had been brought to a point where the yield was much lower than that obtainable on Imperial Chemical Industries in the middle of last month. These American investors were evidently willing to accept the verdict of the public opinion polls that the Conservatives would have a handsome majority, and that the Chancellor of the Exchequer in the new Parliament would not take restrictive action to such an extent that prices would fall below the level which they were prepared to pay on a longer-term view of the prospects of the British companies. This influx of dollars naturally

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HARRAP

Market Review

helped to boost the market to a point considerably beyond where it would have gone if only British investors had been buying on the prospects of a Government victory, and the *Financial Times* Industrial Index showed the average dividend yield at only 4·7 per cent. on May 31. It is probable that optimism would have carried the share price level even higher if it had not been for a rail strike.

The problem now before investors is how long the rail strike will continue and what damage it will do to the nation's trade and industry. If supplies of steel are greatly diminished and the movement of raw materials for factories is severely disrupted, the effect on industrial profits could be considerable. If an early settlement is reached, the slight setback involved could be swallowed up by the continuance of full production. As always, the Stock Exchange will anticipate the future, and if the present opinion of investors, that equities should be bought for their future prospects, is severely shaken by a long-drawn-out railway dispute, then the result would be a heavy decline in market prices.

For those who are prepared to look to the future—say, a three to four year view—the current disruptions will not appear to be a sufficiently cogent reason for selling good class equities. The prospects of expansion are too great, and the assurance of a continuance of the Conservative financial policy too important, to make the long-term investor wish to be out of the market. If a severe decline in share prices is caused by many days of strikes, there will probably be many who would consider it opportune to buy, but at what level selling would be absorbed by buying it would be foolish to forecast. On the long view there was still a case for higher levels for "growth" stocks, even after the field-day of May 27, and it is to those higher levels that we may see the market move in the Autumn if the strikes are settled, and the Chancellor has no cause to issue warnings about the terms of trade.

LOMBARDO.

RECORD REVIEW

By ALEC ROBERTSON

Orchestral

IN the orchestral field the May issues (which do not include the Decca supplement, due out in June), contain a number of duplications that, with one or two exceptions, add nothing to the best of what we have, and do not call for any special notice, though most of them have merits—unequally distributed.

An American critic surveying, recently, the enormous output of orchestral L.P.'s in his country, finds that the total of great performances now on records is substantially smaller than it was in 1941, although the total of good ones may be higher, and that of fine-sounding ones unquestionably so. This critic, Irving Kolodin (from whose preface to a guide to orchestral music on L.P. I have been quoting), lays the blame for the present state of affairs partly on the necessity to *create* a repertoire to fill a commercial need based on unprecedented consumer demand, which

can often lead to mis-casting of conductor and orchestra—who may merely happen to be on the spot—and partly on too great advantage being taken of “the marvellous flexibility of magnetic-tape recording” which can “encourage lax standards and a diminution of artistic integrity.” If, however, the public is really beginning to discriminate and ceasing to be beguiled merely by fine sound and slick interpretation, the future, musically, will be much more healthy and the record companies may well become more self-critical.

They have given us, since the long-playing record revolutionized the gramophone world, very much to be grateful for : we ask only that they do not lower their sights.

The public, for its part, will have to enlarge its field of musical experience and try to overcome irrational prejudices against the music of our time.

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THE NATIONAL AND ENGLISH REVIEW

four outstanding contemporary works. Philips, on ABL3045, have admirably paired Hindemith's *Viola Concerto*, *Der Schwanendreher*, with Walton's *Viola Concerto*.

Hindemith's work, played by William Primrose, with an un-named chamber orchestra conducted by John Pritchard, is based on old folk melodies: the seventeenth-century melody of the title which may be translated "hurdy-gurdy player," being the subject of seven variations in the finale. The first movement quotes a fifteenth-century melody, the middle movement two tunes of about the same time, the whole concerto portraying a minstrel playing, to a "merry company" music he has brought back from foreign lands. The composer (himself a fine viola player) eliminates violins and violas from the orchestral part (so that the solo instrument can come through with ease) and adds woodwind, brass and percussion in the final movement with very colourful effect. Hindemith is here more lyrical

than is usual with him, and with William Primrose's warmly sympathetic performance, and that of conductor and orchestra, there is enjoyment to be had here by all but the diehards.

Walton's concerto, composed twenty-five years ago, is generally regarded as one of his finest works: and it is surprising it has not been done before on L.P. Primrose is again the admirable soloist and, apart from an odd tendency to play down the big orchestral climax in the last movement, Sir Malcolm Sargent, with the R.P.O., gives an excellent account of his part. The recording in each case is first-rate.

Vox have also shown imagination in pairing Berg's *Chamber Concerto for Violin, Piano and Thirteen Wind Instruments* with his *Violin Concerto* (PL8660), both very well recorded.

The violin soloist, in both works, is Ivy Gitlis, a brilliant young artist, with Charlotte Zelka (piano), and the Pro Musica Wind Instrument Group, conducted by Harold Byrns. The Pro Musica Symphony Orchestra, conducted by William Strickland, accompany in the *Violin Concerto*.

These works are less accessible, and have their asperities: but the last movement of the *Violin Concerto*, based on a Bach chorale, is one of the most moving things in contemporary music: and note should be taken that in the dedication of the *Chamber Concerto* to Schoenberg the composer (with his critics in mind) wrote that "music was much more than mathematics to him; he always endeavoured to fill it with the deepest emotional expressions and the most intimate feelings." This, in his idiom, he has done.

Also recommended: a magnificent performance, full of musical beauty and superbly recorded, of Tchaikowsky's First *Piano Concerto* by Shura Cherkasky, with the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Leopold Ludwig (D.G.G. DGM18013). It makes nonsense of the word "hackneyed."

Chamber Music

The Quartetto Italiano, an unpredictable body, turn in a lovely performance of

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Record Review

Brahms's *B flat Quartet* (op. 67), but do not wholly realize the humour of the first movement. Excellent recording. (Columbia 33CX1244.)

Instrumental

Lovers of organ music cannot complain that they are neglected this month. They have four discs to choose from. The whole of the Schweitzer album of Bach's chorale preludes, issued in 1936 on 78's, is very successfully transferred on to Columbia 33CX1249. Helmut Walcha plays the *Chorale Partita* ("Sei gegrüsset Jesu gütig") the "Von Himmel Hoch." Canonic Variations, a fugue on *Magnificat*, on D.G.G. Archive APM14030 : Gaston Litaize (with too obtrusive reeds at some points) the D minor *Toccata and Fugue*, *Passacaglia and Fugue* (C minor), *A major and E flat major, Preludes and Fugues* (the triple E flat Fugue) on London Ducretet-Thompson DTL93037; and Fritz Heitmann, pieces by Sweelinck, Byrd, Purcell, Böhm, Bach, etc., on Telefunken LGX66037. On Decca LW5160 Katchen tackles, with almost complete success, Balakirev's fiendishly difficult *Islamey* fantasia and, with complete success, Liszt's *Twelfth Hungarian Rhapsody* (Decca LW5160).

Choral and Song

Sir Malcolm Sargent, Marjorie Thomas, Richard Lewis, John Cameron, the Huddersfield Choral Society and the Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra give a most satisfying performance of Elgar's *Dream of Gerontius* on Columbia 33CX1247-8. Mr. Lewis takes (rightly I think) a dramatic view of his part, and, since his earlier 78-r.p.m. recording, Sir Malcolm has greatly deepened his interpretation of this beautiful work.

Also recommended: a stirring performance of Lully's *Te Deum* by a group of French artists and players, conducted by Pierre Capdeville (London Ducretet-Thompson DTL93043), and some lovely singing, by Nan Merriman, of Spanish songs by Falla, Mompou, Montsalvage, Turina, and Oubradors, impeccably accompanied by Gerald Moore. (Columbia 33CX1243). ALEC ROBERTSON.

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EXMOUTH.—Imperial Hotel. Facing south-west and overlooking the sea from its island site of 4½ acres in the centre of the Esplanade. 'Phone 2296/8.

HOTEL GUIDE

GOLANT, near Fowey, Cornish Riviera—Penquite House Hotel. Quiet comfort and excellent food in superbly situated country house. Boating. Fishing.

HARROGATE.—Cairn Hydro Hotel. In 4 acres of grounds. Tennis courts. Full suite of Medical Baths. Private suites. 'Phone: 4005/8.

HAWKHURST, Kent.—Tudor Hall Hotel. First-class. Fully licensed. A.A., R.A.C. Ideal centre for Kentish Weald and East Sussex. Tel. 2312. Resident Proprietor.

HERSTMONCEUX, Boreham.—The White Friars Hotel. An 18th-century building, appealing to those who appreciate quiet comfort, all bedrooms H. & C., electric fires, interior-sprung mattresses, private bathrooms, excellent cuisine, fully licensed, garages, four acres of well-kept gardens. Tel.: Herstmonceux 3299.

HOVE, Sussex.—Dudley Hotel. 75 rooms, 40 bathrooms. Restaurant open to non-residents—American Bar—Large Garage. Hove 36266. Man. Dir.: F. KUNG (Swiss).

IPSWICH.—Great White Horse Hotel. Made famous by Charles Dickens in *Pickwick Papers*. In the centre of the town. 'Phone: 3584. Telegrams: "Pickwick, Ipswich."

YORKSHIRE DALES.—Kettlewell, via Skipton.—The Race-Horses Hotel: medically recommended; quiet; select; renowned cuisine; recognized motoring centre; beautiful fell moorland and riverside walks. A.A., R.A.C., 'Phone 233. Tariff from Resident Owner.

KILLARNEY (Ireland). International Hotel. Tel.: 16.

LANCASTER, Cornwall.—King's Arms Hotel. For the summer months Easter to September 30th our terms will be for garaging car, residence and full board, 17/6 per day, £6-0-0 per week.

LANDUDNO.—Marine Hotel. Central position on Promenade, between Great and Little Orme. Touring centre for Snowdon country. 'Phone: 7447.

LANGOLLEN.—Hand Hotel. One of the best in N. Wales. H. & C. water all rooms. Fishing. A.A. and R.A.C. 'Phone: 3207. Telegrams: "Handotel."

LONDON.—Barkston Gardens Hotel. One minute Earl's Court Station. Moderate tariff. 'Phone: Frobisher 1028.

LONDON.—Brown's Hotel. First-class London hotel known throughout the world. Private suites. 'Phone Hyde Park 6020. Telegrams: "Brownotel, Piccy, London."

LONDON.—Royal Court Hotel, Sloane Square, S.W.1. First-class. Moderate Tariff. 2 lifts. A. Wild Bey, late of Cairo. Sloane 9191.

LONDON, S.W.1.—St. Ermin's Hotel. In the quiet charm of Westminster. 200 rooms; 100 bathrooms. Fully licensed and the very best cuisine. A. Giles, Managing Director (late of Savoy Hotel and Grosvenor House, London). Tel. ABBey 7888.

MARLBOROUGH.—Castle and Ball Hotel. Comfortable modern accommodation in an old Hostelry. Hot and cold water in bedrooms. 'Phone: 2.

MATLOCK.—New Bath Hotel. Indoor and Outdoor Swimming Pools of thermal water. Hard Tennis Court. 'Phone: Matlock 39.

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OXFORD.—Randolph Hotel. Close to the Martyrs' Memorial, Commarket and St. Giles. First-class accommodation. 'Phone: 47481/5.

PENZANCE.—Old Coast-Guards Hotel, Mousehole. Quiet restful hotel in unspoilt old-world Cornish fishing cove; excellent library; very comfortable chairs and beds; full sea view; garden to sea. Terms from 6 to 10 guineas according to season. Illustrated Brochure sent. 'Phone and 'Grams: Bryant, Mousehole 222.

ROSS.—Royal Hotel. The best Hotel in the Wye Valley. With gardens overlooking the Horseshoe Bend. Special Winter Terms for residence. 'Phone: 2640.

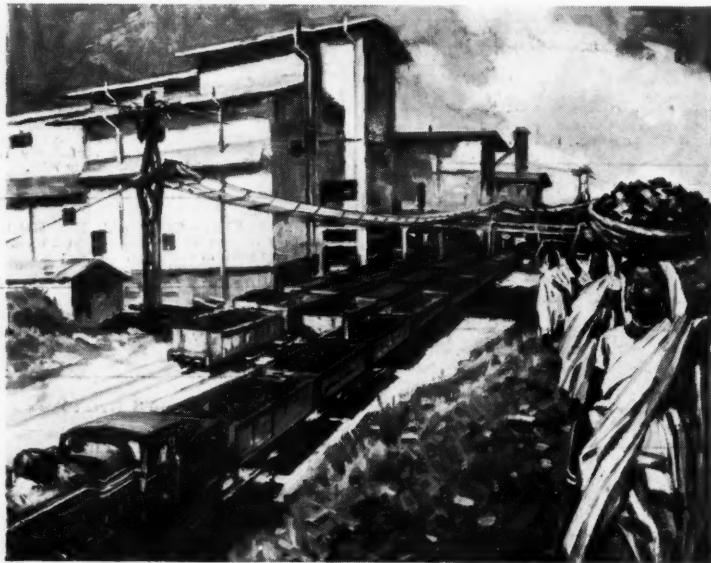
RUTHIN.—Castle Hotel. Convenient for visitors to Ruthin Castle. H. & C. water in bedrooms. 'Phone: 49.

SALISBURY.—White Hart Hotel. 18th-century hotel near the Cathedral and the Market Square. 'Phone: 219711.

TEWKESBURY.—Royal Hop Pole Hotel. 'Phone 3236. Tel. Hoppole, Tewkesbury. Fully licensed. Under Royal Patronage.

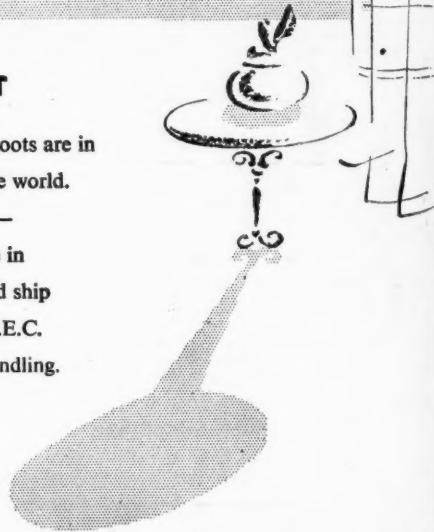
TUNBRIDGE WELLS.—Wellington Hotel. Facing South and overlooking Common. Private Suites. 'Phone: 20286/7.

WINDERMERE.—Old England Hotel. Finest position with lawns running down to Lake. Facing south-west. Open throughout year. 'Phone 49.



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